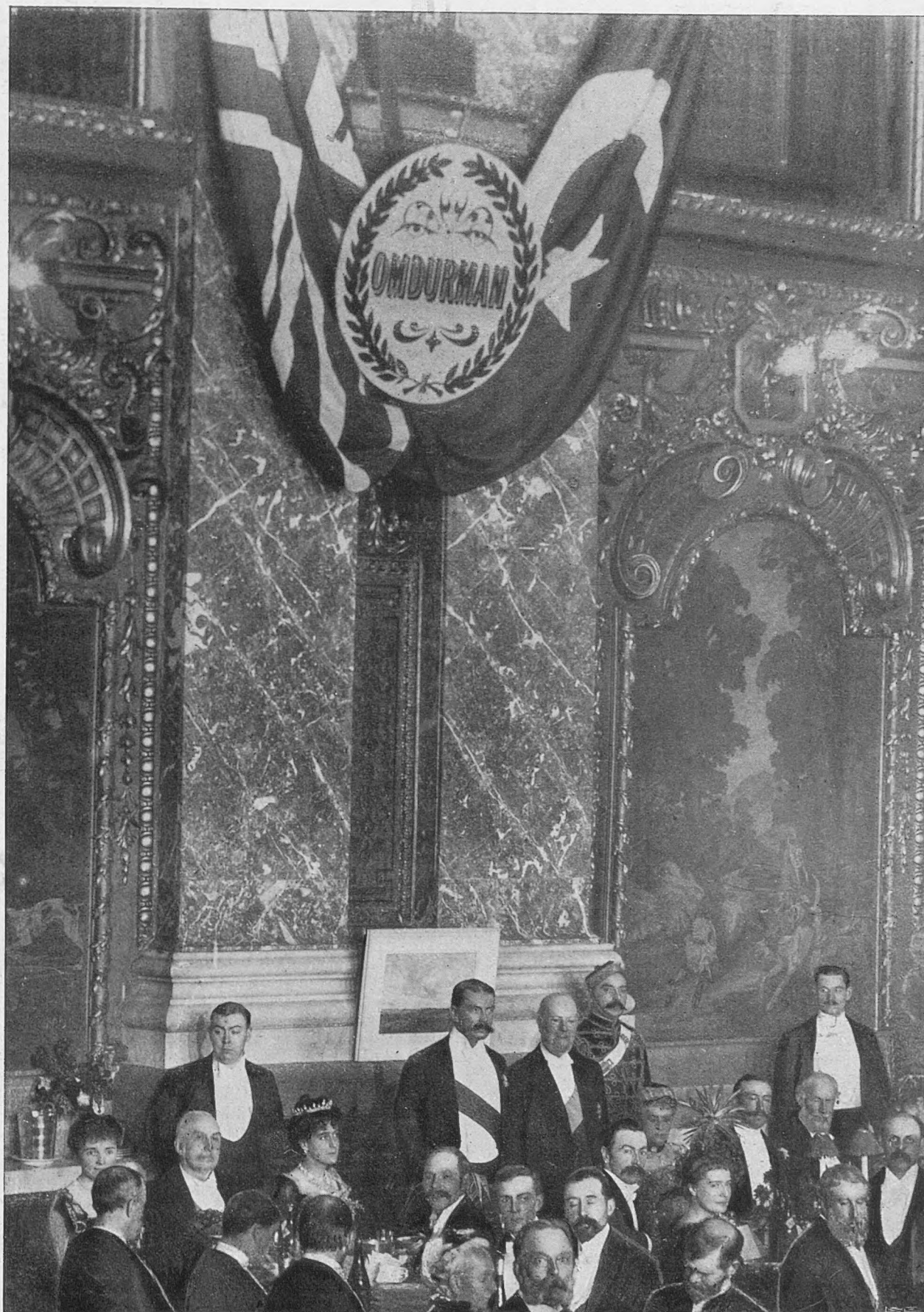




No. 304.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



Lord Russell. Lady Stradbroke. Lord Kitchener. Lord Kimberley. Miss Betham-Edwards. Sir Brampton Gordon, K.C.B.

"WILL LORD KITCHENER AND LORD KIMBERLEY KINDLY STAND UP?"

That was how Mr. Young, of Fradelle and Young, obtained this interesting picture at the East Anglian Banquet.

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM AND ASPALL HALL, SUFFOLK.

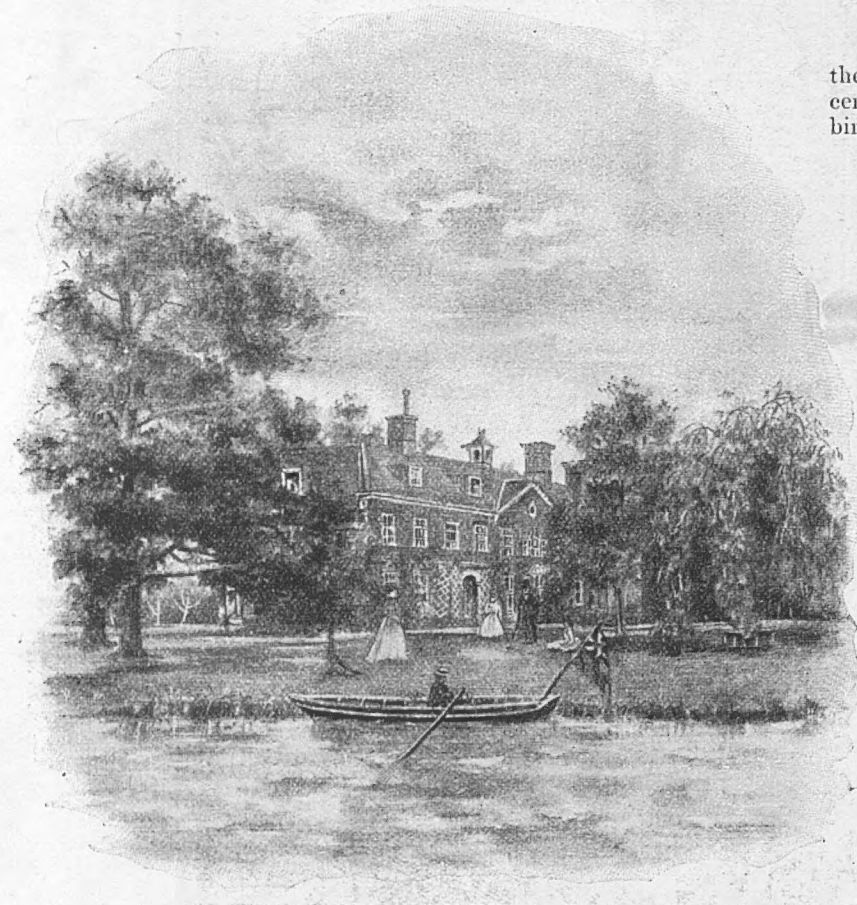
THE EAST ANGLIANS AT DINNER AT THE HOTEL CECIL WELCOME THE GREATEST OF THEIR CLAN.

I am only partially an East Anglian (writes a correspondent). I was born in London, as were Milton and Spenser and other great men, but I went to school in Norfolk, and my family boast of their association, for many generations, with that picturesque city of Norwich whose



Fenton, the Secretary of the East Anglian Society, organised a banquet to Lord Kitchener—the hero of the hour. Lord Kitchener's mother was born in her father's house, Aspull Hall, Suffolk, and the Sirdar's reverence for his Suffolk associations has led him, at the cost of considerable bathos, to remember, as part of his title, his association with Suffolk. "Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—and Aspull Hall!" Never, surely, has there been such an example of bathos since Robert Boyle was described as "Father of Chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork!" The Sirdar was born in Ireland, but is not an Irishman, and it was an admirably journalistic method of emphasising the point for Mr. Spurgeon to have invited Lord Russell of Killowen, one of Ireland's most distinguished sons, to make a speech at the East Anglian Banquet, and to disclaim, as it were, regretfully on the part of Ireland the suggestion that the Sirdar was an Irishman.

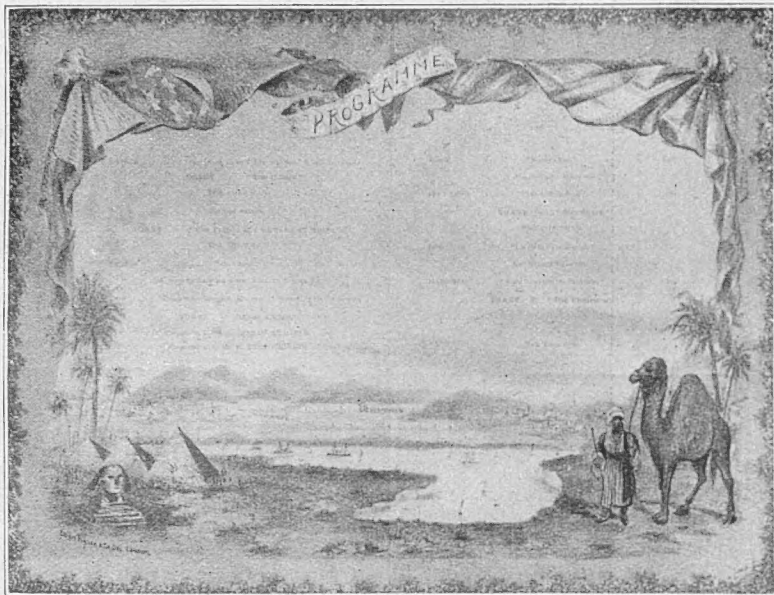
Let it be accepted, then, for all time that the brilliant General who conquered the Dervishes in the Soudan is a Suffolk man. I am not sure, after attending the East Anglian Banquet, that he has any very great reason to be proud of the fact. A glance down the list of guests indicated a terrible paucity of notable, or, indeed, of magnetic names associated with East Anglia. Time was when things were quite different. We know that East Anglia produced its Nelson, its Crabbe, and its Sir Thomas Browne, whose name, by the way, was not once mentioned by speakers who referred to several writers with no claim



ASPALL HALL, SUFFOLK, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SIRDAR'S MOTHER.
From the Menu Card of the East Anglian Dinner.

citizens were, long ages ago, described by a Norman chronicler as "faithless." Therefore, I was quite prepared to thoroughly enjoy an East Anglian Dinner, and I have no words but those of praise for the skill with which Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the popular editor of the *National Press Agency*, and Mr. Charles

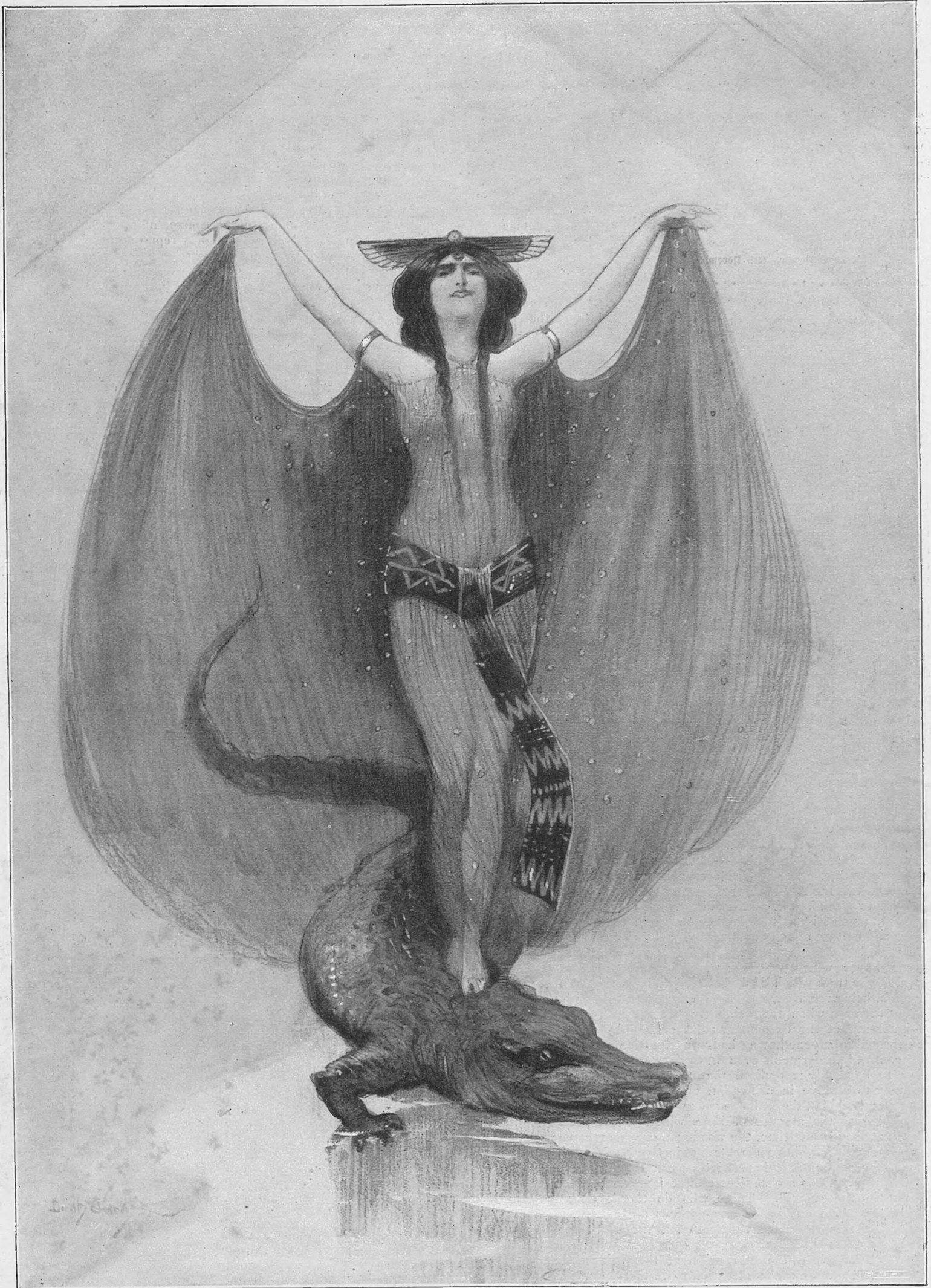
whatever to East Anglian origin. Borrow, for example, the greatest writer of our time associated with East Anglia, was ignored, while Cowper, who was born in Hertfordshire, was said to have been an East Anglian. I suppose it would hardly have been possible to have brought together so large an audience associated with any other part of the United Kingdom with so singular an absence of interesting men. This, of course, one is bound to assume, is due to the actual state of things in the Eastern Counties as compared with other parts of the United Kingdom. It can hardly be doubted but that intellectual life is on a lower plane in Norfolk and Suffolk than in any other part of England, and certainly than in any portion of Scotland or Ireland. The only artist present was Mr. George Henry Boughton. Some references were made to Tennyson; but it is, of course, quite inaccurate to include Lincolnshire in East Anglia. The only representatives of literature at this dinner were Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Betham-Edwards, and Mr. Edward Clodd. Mr. Rider Haggard it is naturally impossible to take seriously as a man of letters. He may be an excellent farmer—although he told the audience at the East Anglian Dinner some strange experiences in that direction—but he is certainly not a novelist who counts for very much with people who are judges of literature. Mr. Clodd and Miss Betham-Edwards are both writers of genuine distinction, but, in the eyes of the managers of the East Anglian Dinner,



THE PROGRAMME OF THE EAST ANGLIAN DINNER.

they were evidently considered to count for very little compared with certain Mayors of boroughs, fussy Jubilee knights, and that kind of bird. One does not know who the Mayor of Cambridge and the Mayor of Norwich may be, but in any case they are largely "accidents." To-day it is perhaps the principal draper, next November it may be the principal coal-merchant in the town—most estimable men, doubtless; but in representative assemblies one expects to see men of genuine distinction in the arts and sciences, men of great position in political life, men also whose work lies in London, for is it not a "London Society of East Anglians"? I am afraid, from this point of view, Lord Kimberley, the President, had a heavy weight upon his shoulders. The half-dozen Members of Parliament who were gathered round him have certainly never been heard of outside their constituencies. The one London journalist of eminence who is a born Norfolkian, Mr. Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle*, was not present. I do not blame the East Anglians for this. "Silly Suffolk" may mean etymologically "beautiful Suffolk," as the Scilly Islands mean "the beautiful islands," but to those who do not live in that county the literal meaning applies. The people of Norfolk and Suffolk are "silly" in comparison, that is to say, with the people of other English counties. They have had a great record in the past, but they have no record to speak of in the present, and that the average of intelligence among their poorer classes is lower than elsewhere will scarcely be disputed by anyone who has travelled much through the country parts of England.

Let it then be granted that the East Anglian Society's Dinner was an interesting function, that the hero-worship of Lord Kitchener was exceedingly beautiful and appropriate, that the dinner was a good one, and most capably managed, that the speakers were, with one exception, most interesting; but let it also be admitted that East Anglia does well to make the most of its one hero, for, as compared with other parts of England, it is in a very bad way.



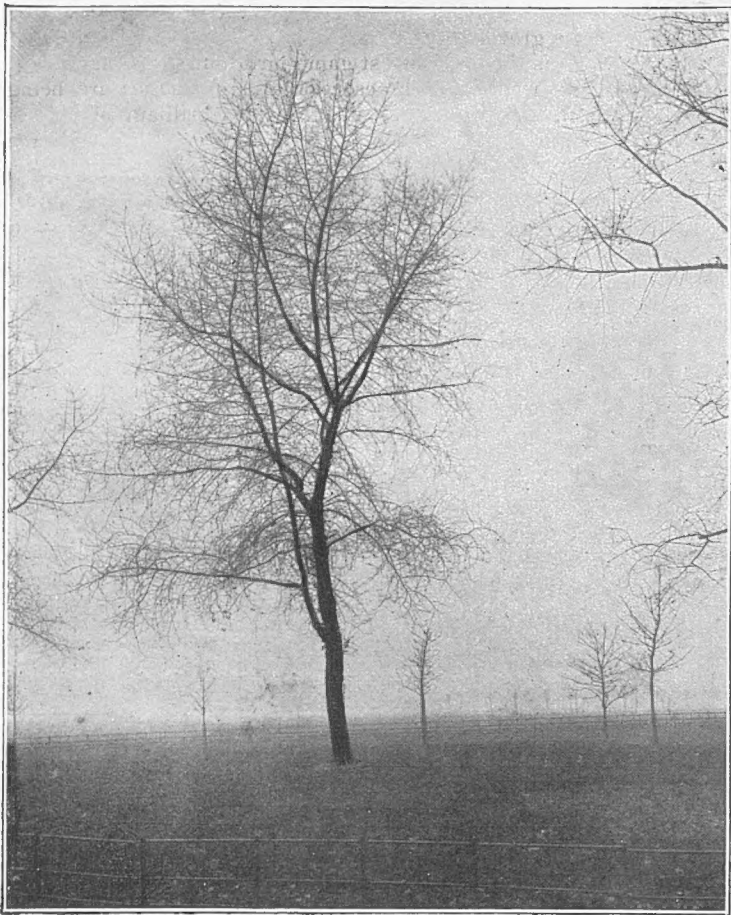
THE SPIRIT OF THE NILE.

LONDON'S PRECIOUS TREES.

AN APPEAL IS MADE BY A "SKETCH" CORRESPONDENT AGAINST THE SENSELESS DESTRUCTION OF TREES IN HYDE PARK.

"Birds here make song, each bird has his, across the girdling city's hum.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

For some years past there has been a continuous improvement both as regards variety and taste in the floral decoration of the London parks, and it is now no exaggeration to say that, in this respect, they not only leave nothing to be desired, but are probably hardly equalled by the display in the public gardens of any other country in the world.



THE CUTTING DOWN OF POPLARS FOR THE SAKE OF FLOWER-BEDS.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

If such a transformation as this can be effected in horticulture, surely it would not be difficult to bring about equally pleasing results in the far larger area which is devoted to forestry—an area which is capable of affording an even greater amount of enjoyment to jaded lives in London.

Hitherto this has not been the case, and those who have sufficient knowledge to speak on the matter do not hesitate to aver that it is due to a lack in part of knowledge, and still more of taste, in those to whom the care and culture of trees is entrusted.

As regards the former, the recollection is still present to many of the grievous havoc which was caused in Kensington Gardens by the removal of the trees which had sheltered a large area of their fellows, and which, being removed, caused the others to fall like ninepins on the very first occasion when their stability was put to the test by a gale. This ignorance of the elementary rules of forestry could hardly have been expected in anyone having had any education whatever.

Of course, improvements even in this respect have taken place since it came to be tardily recognised that trees which shed their bark are more likely to survive in a London climate than those, such as elms, which not only do not do so, but become the habitation of pests, which thrive owing to the absence of birds which would prey upon them. But even at the present time, the woodman, or whoever answers to that description, appears to have a rooted objection to allowing any tree to exhibit free growth, and it is positively painful to witness the loppings to which young trees are subject almost immediately after they have been put in the ground. Those who do the lopping emulate the gardeners to whom our house area-gardens are entrusted, who think that the first thing they must do is to cut the leader away from any plant or tree under their charge.

A recent example of the antagonism of the park woodman to free-growing trees has been drawn attention to in the columns of the *Times*. In conjunction with the gardener (maybe he is one and the same person), possession has been taken of a portion of the park to the north of the drive which passes from Hyde Park Corner along the Serpentine, with the intention, it is said, of adding to the considerable area of flower-beds

in that portion of the park. This in itself appears to be a needless extension. While we enjoy the flowers on the outskirts of the park, the centre of it should certainly be left with as much sylvan character as possible, for most Londoners derive as much enjoyment from the trees as from formal flower-gardens. For the purposes of this increase to the flower-beds, a clean sweep has been made of several of the black poplars, which have the advantage of rapid and free growth, and appeal to the eye in every season of the year either from the beauty of their foliage or of their spreading branches. Unfortunately, it is this spreading of the branches which condemns the tree in the eyes of the woodman. It becomes "sprawly," to use his own expression, and has none of that compactness of form which a tree presents to him when it shows no evidence of the trend of the wind or of the influence of its surroundings, but is either merely a rounded, cone-shaped mass, or resembles nothing so much as a bundle of besoms placed handles downwards. An example of this last-named treatment may be seen closely contiguous to the spot where the poplars have been cut down.

There is, around the band-stand, a group of elms which, as our photograph shows, are most unsightly objects. It is well known that elm-trees, from their very nature, are prone to drop their boughs without warning; yet, apparently in the face of this knowledge, a band-stand was erected in their midst. It goes almost without saying that this had no sooner been done than attention was directed to the danger which threatened those who came to listen to the music, and so, instead of removing the band-stand, the trees were mutilated, and those who enjoy the music must do so in combination with a prospect of trees which, to anyone with a sense of proportion, must be a disagreeable accompaniment.

The newspapers have, in times past, done much to hinder and prevent the continuance of disfigurements such as these. It is hardly a year since the protests of correspondents saved some of the fine limes which were in process of demolition to make way for lavatories at Hyde Park Corner, and which were especially necessary there as an enjoyable



ELM-TREES THAT HAVE BEEN MUTILATED TO SAVE THE BAND-STAND.

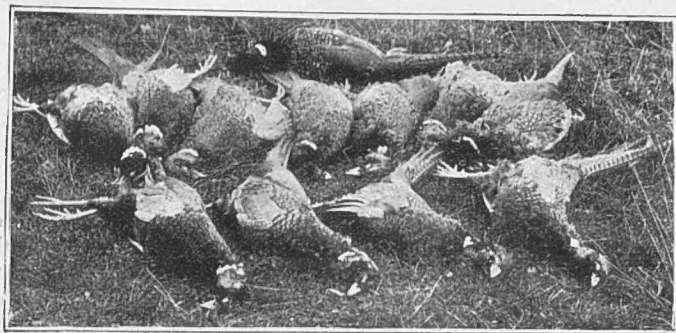
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

outlook for the patients in St. George's Hospital. It is not too much to hope therefore that, attention being attracted, as it can so well be by illustration in these columns, these protests may again bear fruit for the benefit of that considerable class which depends for much of its enjoyment in London on the beauties of the parks.

M. B. H.

PHEASANTS AND PHEASANT-SHOOTING.

Pheasant-shooting commences on the First of October, but it is not until the second week in November that the sport is begun in earnest. There are good reasons for this delay: the birds are better-developed, and those that have been purchased from the game-farm have had time to



A FINE DOZEN.

learn their way about the covert; the foliage, too, is now thinning every day, although this season it hangs on with unusual persistency, but a sharp frost or two will soon bring it down. Pheasants make good sport, spite of the foolish talk of shooting tame chickens which one sometimes hears. Let the sceptic take his stand by some covert-side, or, better still, in a narrow drive or opening in the woods, while the birds are driven overhead; he will soon discover that there is plenty of room round them, and that before his second barrel is ready the game is out of range, or hidden by the trees, as the case may be. Pheasants must be driven; by no other means can you get at them, for it is their nature to creep and run, taking flight only as the last means of escape; both hand-reared and wild-bred birds are alike in this. It is their propensity for wandering that gives the keeper so much trouble. Weeks previous to a big shoot, he must employ extra hands to drive the birds within bounds, particularly at this season, when there are so many beech-nuts and wild berries that the pheasant loves, in search of which, when he leaves his roosting-place, he will travel towards the sun, in this way straying, unless stopped, never to return. The introduction of wire-netting has been of great assistance here, and miles of this material are now used to surround or divide the preserves. Before a shoot begins, a number of men, called "Stops," are stationed at various points where the birds are in the habit of leaving the coverts; these "Stops" keep to a short beat all day, driving the birds back. The beaters, who are dressed in white, or wear a white band to make them conspicuous, form in line on the outskirts of the preserve, and march through the covert, beating the brambles and bracken with sticks, going over every foot of ground. If there is a hill, the guns are stationed at the foot of it, while the beaters commence at the top and work down, the birds always flying best downhill. When the drive begins, few birds are seen, for they creep away in the undergrowth; but as the line gets nearer, they take to flight by the dozen or more, and the beaters are ordered to move slowly, first by the right, then by the left, for if they came on too fast the birds would rise in a cloud and thus escape the gunners by force of numbers. The last ten minutes of a drive are most exciting; the woods echo and re-echo with the rapid

gun-fire, the keepers shout orders to the beaters, who knock the trees and beat the undergrowth with their sticks, while the birds fly upward, uttering their peculiar cry of alarm, which is often brought to an abrupt conclusion by a dose of shot causing them to turn a somersault in the air and fall to the ground with a thud. Should they still be able to run, the watchful dogs are despatched to catch and bring them in. This a well-trained animal will do in a few minutes. Each sportsman has an attendant gun-loader, with whom he exchanges his empty weapon for a loaded one, and if the birds are plentiful the loader is kept busy, for, in addition to loading the guns, he must dodge to the right or left, to give the sportsman room to take aim, as the birds come swiftly flying from all directions, their long tails streaming out like a pennant. The distance between the gunners varies with the nature of the ground. If it is open, they are placed some fifty yards apart, while in a wood they are stationed according to the opening in the trees, and, as they take up different positions for each drive, the change of scene and variety of shots presented make the sport very enjoyable. At the conclusion of a drive the sportsmen compare notes, and take a nip of something, while the beaters hurry off to get ready for the next drive, and the keepers collect the game, laying it on the greensward for inspection. The pheasant makes a fine show. The cock is the handsomest game-bird found in our woods. The majority are ring-necked, or Chinese; but other varieties are being introduced, such as the Golden Pheasant, the most brilliant of all the species, and the Silver Pheasant, a larger bird, and very pugnacious; but all pheasants are that, and, if a pair commence to fight, it is a duel to the death. Fortunately, the woods are large, and there is generally plenty of room for each bird with his bevy of four or five wives to roam without trespassing on his neighbour's sphere of influence. J. T. N.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING.

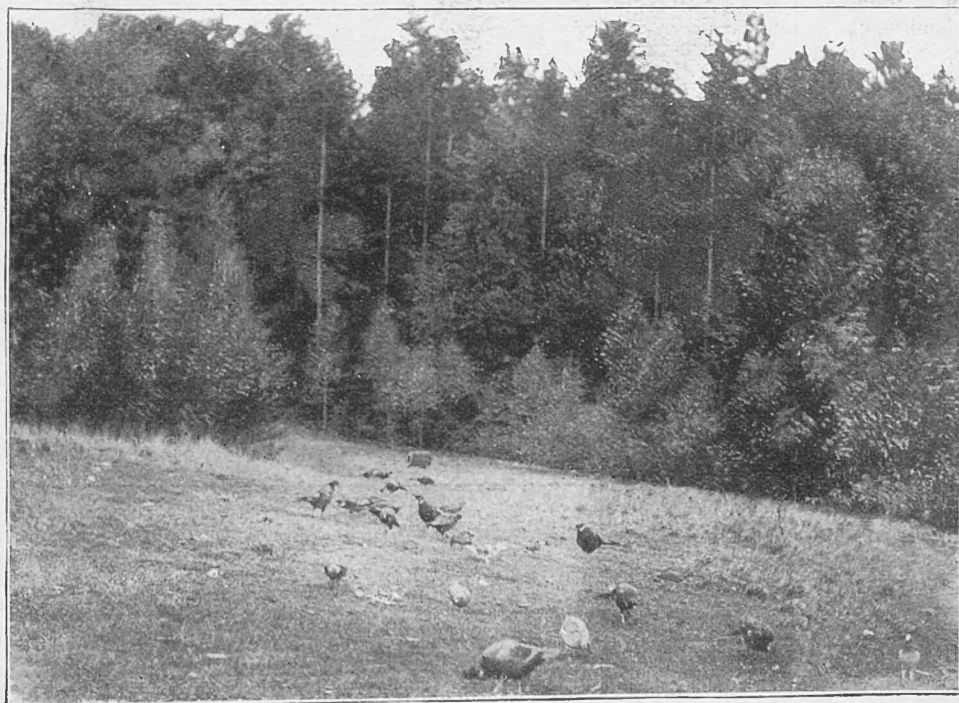
During the first three weeks of the season the Irish hunting-world has witnessed an unusual and decidedly sensational proceeding. Mr. Assheton Biddulph, Master of the King's County Hounds, has been forbidden to draw for a fox in every covert over some sixty square miles of country. The covert-owners have no antipathy to fox-hunting, but they wish the country to be transferred to another Master, and have adopted this convincing method of expressing their views. Mr. Assheton Biddulph has done much for sport in this country; in 1884, after the



THE GUARDIAN OF THE WOODS.

Ormond and King's County territory had remained unhunted for two seasons, he resuscitated the pack and showed sport for thirteen seasons—until that of 1896-7. Then the country, a very large one, was divided, Lord Huntingdon taking the smaller section, the Ormond, while Mr. Assheton Biddulph retained command of the northern moiety, the King's County. One would think that a Master who has hunted hounds for so long deserved a little consideration, and it is to be supposed that the covert-owners in the Birr district have some very strong reason for the very decided step they have taken.

A shooting-party, organised on what the newspapers would call a scale of great splendour, came off the other day at Count Potocki's charming country seat, which, within comfortable distance of Paris, is yet as full of game as some Scotch moors of grouse. The shoot, given in honour of the President and the Grand Duke Alexis, was rich in results, for to the eleven guns fell a thousand pheasants, two thousand bunnies, with plenty of partridges to fill in the chinks, and five deer. The Duke of Leuchtenberg and Comte de Montebello, both noted sportsmen, were among the guests, and a splendid luncheon, to which the hungry hunters did ample devoirs, was served at a rendezvous in the woods of La Croix Saint Jacques. After such a day's sport, it is somewhat surprising to learn that the Count's guests found themselves again in Paris by dinner-time. Certainly the way this to "do things."



PHEASANTS BY THE COVERT-SIDE.

From Photographs by Newman, Berkhampstead.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

"Mr. Balfour on Golf" may have interested as many newspaper readers as "Mr. Chamberlain on Egypt." It is well known that the Colonial Secretary takes part in no games. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, is never deterred by affairs of State from acknowledging his love of golf. While Mr. Chamberlain was busy speech-making at Manchester, the First Lord of the Treasury was driving the first ball on a new golf course on Broadstone Heath in Dorset. This course, which owes its existence to Lord Wimborne, has eighteen holes, and extends to three miles and a quarter. Mr. Balfour declared it on the opening-day to be "the most admirable links that it had ever been his good fortune to play over." Perhaps his enthusiasm was due to his own success. Before pronouncing an opinion upon the course, he had played a game which he won. Mr. Balfour is particularly fond of a foursome with a professional as his partner, and he likes to play against such a friend as Mr. John Penn, who was one of his opponents at Broadstone. On this occasion his partner was J. H. Taylor, open champion for two successive years, while James Braid was with Mr. Penn. Though the fact that the Leader of the House was on the winning side may have accounted to some extent for his praise of the course, still, he admitted that they were not easy links. I quote Mr. Balfour's use of the word "links." Formerly the word was used to indicate ground on the sea-shore, but now it is applied also to inland golfing-greens. There are some people even who call it "a link." By whatever name you call it, you will find Mr. Balfour among its eulogists. In his opinion, there is "no more certain or less elaborate method of enjoying a day's outing than playing good golf on good links." It is wholesome to hear a statesman speaking so unaffectedly of a game that he enjoys.

Mr. John Morley will readily obtain the permission of his political friends in the Montrose Burghs to devote himself to Mr. Gladstone's biography. He has undertaken not to forget what is due to his constituency. The electors will not be exacting. They have, from the first, looked upon Mr. Morley as an ornamental member who reflected credit upon them; and their readiness to recognise that he is doing his best service to the Party by writing Mr. Gladstone's Life throws light on the aspect in which he is regarded. There was a time when Mr. Morley played an important part in the making of history at St. Stephen's. That time has passed. It did not add to Mr. Morley's fame. His own friends admit now that his true function is to be found not in the making, but in the writing of history. One great movement has been recorded in his Life of Cobden. No one will grudge him the two or three years which he will require for the writing of Mr. Gladstone's Life. But suppose the Liberals regained power before that biography was completed! Would Mr. Morley take office?

One of the most-frequented spots around Sandringham is the Princess's dove-house, situated near to the Royal Kennels, and adjoining the head-keeper's house, the Prince's pheasantry, and the Princess's bantam-yards. Here, in a charming glass-roofed house, in a commodious cage, picked out in blue and white, are kept nearly a dozen beautiful white doves, to whom the Princess herself is greatly attached. Whether these pretty birds are perched upon their little tree or breeding in one of the small nest-boxes below, one and all are ready to receive their royal mistress when she pays her daily call. Some are great favourites,

and perch upon the Princess's shoulder or hover round for her dainties in a most winning manner. The house itself was originally intended for monkeys, but the manners of those animals not justifying further care, the present picturesque inhabitants were installed.

The "Tortured Resident" of Wimbledon who wrote to the *Standard* to complain of Sunday-shooting in his neighbourhood has a real grievance, and one to which the Society for the Protection of Birds might well accord their attention. On Sunday, Nov. 6, the writer of the letter counted ninety-seven shots fired on one piece of land near his house between seven in the morning and two in the afternoon. The purlieus of Wimbledon Park evidently afford a grand shooting-ground to Metropolitan loafers, who regard every bird that flies as legitimate spoil, for this kind of thing goes on every Sunday in autumn, when the close time

under the Wild Birds' Protection Acts is at an end. The law very properly forbids the shooting of game on Sunday, and, if the Wild Birds' Protection Acts do not contain the same prohibition, it is a glaring anomaly which the society above-mentioned should use their best endeavours to have removed. The rights of respectable residents in the suburbs and the interests of ornithology demand the abolition of this mischievous and cruel nuisance.

The Parisian taste for horseflesh continues to increase. During last year Paris ate over ten thousand horses, three hundred donkeys, and a few unconsidered mules. The donkey and mule are evidently declining in favour, as, in 1872, the official returns showed the consumption to have been 866 donkeys and 51 mules, while over 9000 horses figured in the Paris meat-bill. I have not complete statistics for reference, but it is noteworthy that, in 1872, the Parisians ate more than twice the quantity of horse-meat they did in 1869—a circumstance which suggests that its merits were fully discovered during the siege. Many good people regard hippophagy as about one degree less reprehensible than cannibalism. Our neighbours

do not regard a life of labour as disqualification of an animal for food; I can answer for the excellence of the beef into which draught-bullocks are converted after an industrious career in the Médoc vineyards. When their working powers begin to fail, these bullocks are turned out to grass for six or eight months, and then crown a life of honourable toil with tender steaks. This strikes the insular mind as practical economy carried to extremes; but the beef is undeniable.

Every visitor to the Grands Magasins du Louvre at Paris has been up the wonderful moving staircase. You put your hand on a rail, you stand still, and you find, by a delightful movement, which is both exhilarating and fascinating, that you are carried from floor to floor without the least effort, and without any of those unpleasant thrills which lifts—or, as our American cousins call them, "elevators"—always succeed in giving to nervous persons. It is worth while shopping at the Magasins du Louvre for the sake of going up that moving staircase, and now—a long way behind our French friends—we have got one in London. The enterprising firm that has started a moving staircase on this side of the water is Harrod's Stores, in the Brompton Road, and I think they will find it so popular that there will scarcely be a store or a great trading business in London that will not be glad to institute the same invention. Its carrying capacity is upwards of 3000 persons.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DOVE-HOUSE.

Photo by G. A. Dean, Rugby.

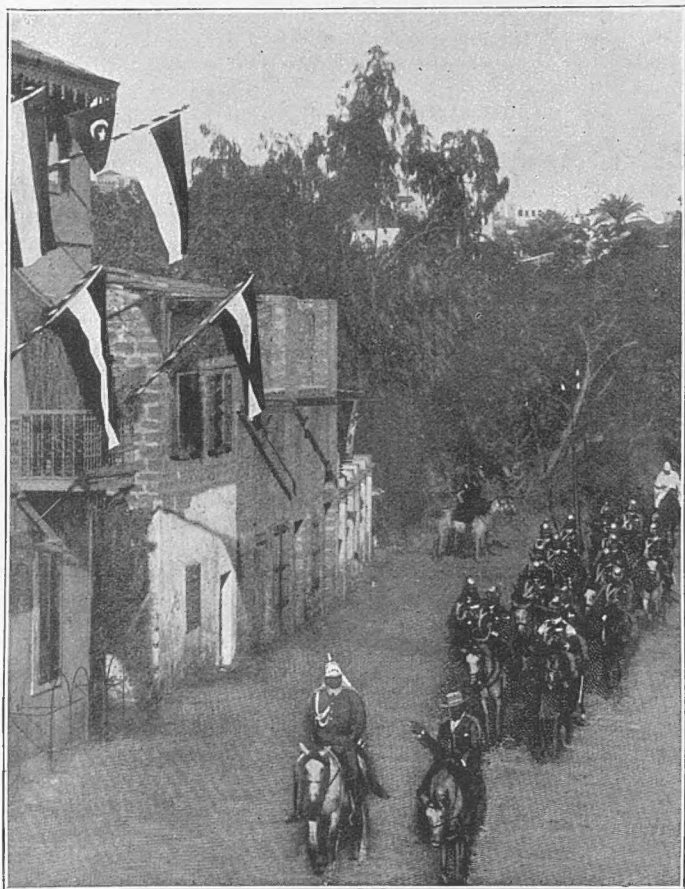
The tail-end of the German Emperor's pilgrimage has been giving the newspaper correspondents ground for much speculation, for he either had not formed his plans or he had not advised the journalists of his

fact is worth chronicling, as this large sum of money has been voted by two bodies, the Chamber of Deputies and the Municipal Council, often at their wits' end to know how to balance their respective Budgets, on purely æsthetic grounds.

The authorities in Algeria are of opinion that the status of French citizenship has hitherto been accorded too easily. A recent circular of the Governor-General declares that it was never intended that a short stay of three years in the country and a certificate of upright life and good morals delivered by the local authorities should be considered sufficient for such a great favour as naturalisation. "We ought," the circular proceeds, "by means of a serious inquiry into the applicant's antecedents, to assure ourselves that he is sincerely attached to the French *patrie*, as well as of the services it may expect from him." Should this view of matters be adopted, I imagine the applicants for naturalisation will be few and far between. It must be confessed that the nation which gave to the world "The Rights of Man" has some very curious ideas on the subject to-day.

To those who love fishing-books almost as much as the pursuit itself—and they are by no means few—the forthcoming sale of "Books on Angling," collected by the late Mr. Edward Snow, of Boston, should be of more than usual interest. The sale will occupy Sotheby's two days, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. More than six hundred lots are to be disposed of, among them being an extraordinary number of editions of the father of the craft, the immortal "Izaak." Copies of the first five editions of "Old Izaak," dated respectively 1653, 1655, 1661, 1668, and 1676, will be sold in one lot, while later editions, some beautifully illustrated, cover a period from 1750 to 1889, among them being several interesting reprints of the rare first edition. Then there is Dame Juliana Barnes (1496) with the "Treatyse of Fyshynge with an Angle" in black-letter; Blome's "The Gentleman's Recreations," which includes the gentle sport (1686); Barlow, with his "Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing according to the English Manner" (1671); and Gervase Markham's "Pleasures of Princes," black-letter (1614).

Another interesting seventeenth-century book is that printed for the "Company of the Royal Fishery of England," 1695, and there are various copies and editions of Hogland. Every possible treatise, system, souvenir, every essay, secret, art, or recreation, all sorts and conditions of songs, ballads, pictures, and sketches relating to this most ancient and



THE EMPEROR RIDING THROUGH THE GERMAN COLONY AT JAFFA.

Photo kindly supplied by Mr. Alderman Treloar, who accompanied the Imperial pilgrimage.

intentions. It was pretty clear sailing so far as Palestine was concerned, so that even the photographers (as you will see by the accompanying pictures) had a splendid chance of "taking" the Kaiser.

If only half the things that a correspondent writes me from Paris about a wonderful new invention in photography be true, we are on the eve of quite a revolution in this art. Two savants, it appears, have discovered a method of taking photographs, equal to the best specimens ever obtained, without the aid of any objective whatever! The camera they use is a box that may be fabricated by any ingenious boy for a few pence. The light is admitted through a hole bored in the side of the box by a simple needle. With this box, and, of course, the necessary sensitive plates, photographs may be taken of objects so situated that it would be impossible to take them with any other apparatus at present in use. The only difficulty is to know the diameter of the hole that must be bored, and the distance from it that the sensitive plate must be placed in order to obtain a perfectly focussed picture. This involves very elaborate calculations; but, when the details of the process are made public very shortly, these calculations will be reduced to a few simple formulæ that may be committed to memory by anyone. *The Sketch* hopes to be able to give its readers full details of this remarkable innovation in a week or two.

The Palace of Versailles is to be renovated for the great Paris Exhibition of 1900, and, in spite of the troubles at home and abroad, arrangements in connection with the Exhibition proceed apace. At the same time, it would be idle to deny that a good many well-informed people believe that very great developments are coming to our neighbour across the Channel before the dawn of the twentieth century. It was freely stated a year ago that war could not occur before the Exhibition had come and gone; now the people who made this remark do not care to be reminded about it. M. de Blowitz recently told us of a bet between two well-known people that Paris would have an Emperor by the beginning of next year. That bet may be lost, though even now it is a fair one. I have a bet more significant to record. Last week an even-money bet of £50 was offered by a well-informed man that there will be no Exhibition in Paris in 1900. The offer was promptly taken, and another to take it three times was refused; but there is some significance to be attached to the offer, though its maker was not prepared to go beyond the figure he first stated, except for odds that were not forthcoming.

The project mentioned a few weeks ago in *The Sketch* for preventing the Cluny Museum in Paris from being entirely masked by a tall block of buildings, which the proprietor of a small piece of ground in front of the Museum intended to erect, has been duly carried out. The owner of the ground, a plot a few yards square, pockets 1,200,000 francs, half of which is furnished by the State and half by the City of Paris. The



THE EMPRESS RIDING THROUGH JAFFA.

Photo kindly supplied by Mr. Alderman Treloar, who accompanied the Imperial pilgrimage.

honourable sport (which, I note, was included in that quaintly titled volume, "The Accomplished Lady's Delight"), appear to have been collected during many years by Mr. Snow, to be—the fate, it seems, of most private collections—dispersed far and wide in a couple of short days!

The Blackwall Tunnel has just been decorated at each end by two bronze panels, in commemoration of the opening by the Prince of Wales. The panels, which have been executed for the contractors, Sir Weetman Pearson, are in bold relief, measuring 6 feet by 3½ feet each.

They have been admirably carried out by Messrs. Singer, of Frome, who executed the statue of Boadicea for the Embankment.

Somebody has been saying that, twenty years ago, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Lord Granville were the only men in London who could speak good French. If the writer could have gone into the smoking-room of the Athenæum, he might have met men who would have caused him some surprise; among whom it will be enough to

name Mr. P. Calderon, R.A., and Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B. With increasing culture has come a sense that most of our culture comes from France, and Englishmen are duly grateful to France. Such men as the late Philip Hamerton and the present Sir M. Grant Duff have done much to open the way to this. By the way, the anecdote told by the last named explains to a great extent the scanty return made by the French for our kindly feelings. Prevost Paradol, you recollect, answered Sir Mountstuart's remonstrance on this subject with—"Ah! Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus."

A great Jubilee was held at Philadelphia on Oct. 25, 26, and 27, in commemoration of the successful ending of the war between the United States and Spain. Everything was done on a mammoth scale. There was a military parade, the length of which was a trifle over seven miles. General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, acted as Grand Marshal, and the line was reviewed by the President and his entire Cabinet, as well as by a large number of National Department heads and other celebrities. One of the greatest features of the procession was the presence of Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac* incident, and several members of the crew which accompanied him when he tried to bottle up the Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbour.

The decoration of private and public buildings was carried out on notably original lines. The reviewing-stand of the President was situated

statuesque groups, the figures being of heroic size. The approach to this arch from each direction was made through a courtway of high columns emblazoned with appropriate figures and inscriptions. Both the arch and columns were illuminated by thousands of electric-lights, buried in the

stuff of which they were composed so as to be invisible themselves and yet throw their light in such a manner as to show the white outlines of the Court. I give below a picture of the Court of Honour as it appeared at night.

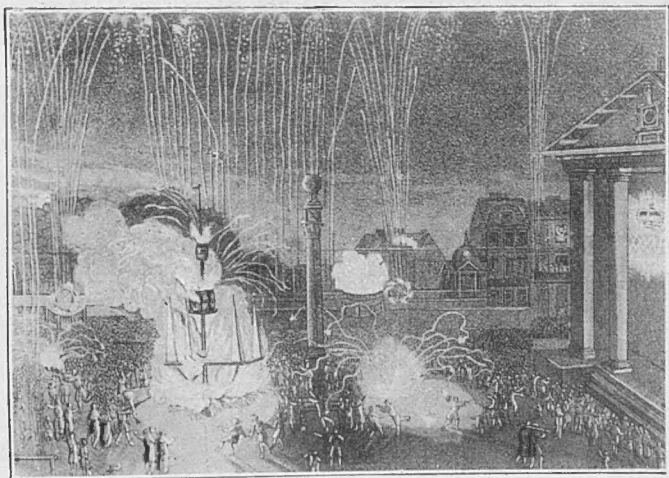
As a contrast to these Peace illuminations, I give a reproduction from a rare old print, showing how London celebrated the return of conquering heroes two centuries ago. Its title, which partakes of the leisurely length common to books and the like in the olden

days, runs thus, "A Perfect Description of the Firework in Covent Garden that was performed at the charge of the Gentry and other inhabitants of that parish for y^e joyfull return of His Ma^{ty} from his Conquest in Ireland, Sept. 10, 1690." Nothing is said about the Battle of the Boyne, but the date connects the "Firework" with that historic field. In one respect the title of the print appears to be inaccurate, for, if the parish records witness truly, the "Gentry" did not bear the entire cost of this gorgeous display. Those records bear testimony that there was paid to Mr. Brown, "for 200 fagotts and 30 Brushes for Bonfire for the parish, 01.12.06," and Mr. Sloper, who supplied a "Barrell of Ale for the Bonfire," received £1. Nor did these disbursements cover all the expenses incurred by the parish in connection with this patriotic outburst. The following month the sum of £1 6s. was paid to "Labourers and Carters for 4 Dayes Worke in laying and spreading the Gravell," which must have been sadly disturbed if the spectators of the "Firework" were anything like as numerous and excited as they appear in the picture.

Among the numerous trades and employments which have been devised by shrewd women unexpectedly compelled to earn their own living, that inaugurated by one of New York is calculated not only to benefit the rest of her kind, but to give her the greatest amount of pleasure in its performance. Her scheme is an elaboration of shopping, which she may be said to have reduced to a science. Instead of



BRONZE PANEL IN THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.



LONDON REJOICING OVER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, 1690.



PHILADELPHIA REJOICING (OCT. 25) OVER THE DEFEAT OF SPAIN, 1898.

in a Court of Honour which was erected for the occasion at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and which was torn down immediately after the celebration. This consisted of an arch of substantial appearance thrown over the street at Broad and Sansom Streets. This was topped off with

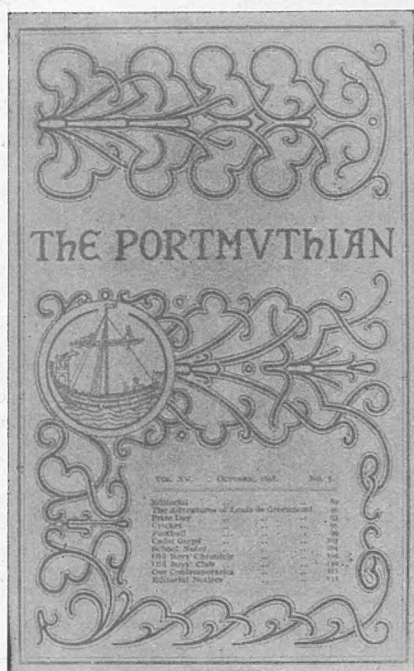
shopping only for herself, however—a circumstance forbidden by her restricted means—she has succeeded in getting up a *clientèle* of women living out of town for whom she makes purchases. She has thus all the joys incident to shopping without any of the pains and penalties.

The dilapidated condition of the Auld Brig of Ayr, and the proposal by some local authorities to demolish the ancient structure, have evoked an interest that extends far beyond the immediate locality. A resolution, moved by a member of the Mauchline Jolly Beggars Burns Club, at its annual meeting the other day, may be taken as expressing a very general feeling regarding the contemplated act of vandalism. Its terms were, "That they deplore the proposal [to take down the Auld Brig], which affected not only one of the most ancient and valuable possessions of Ayr, but also one of the most unique in its way in the history of Burns, in whose memory so many clubs exist."

Few probably of those to whom Downing Street is a mere Administrative centre, and nothing else, can form any idea of the very large number of valuable and interesting relics from various countries which are to be found in almost every one of the Government offices. Naturally, the palm in this respect must be given to the Foreign Office, although the Indian Department, with its countless treasures from the old East India House in Leadenhall Street, runs it very close. The opening up of the vast continent of Africa is responsible for many of the relics which have reached the Foreign Department in recent years, such, for instance, as the poisoned arrows from Uganda, the brasses from Benin, and a variety of native weapons from British Central Africa and elsewhere. At the India Office, where may be seen a handsome fireplace of white marble and an allegorical painting from one of the ceilings in East India House, is a life-size portrait of Warren Hastings, besides many other beautiful paintings, and models of ships. The most interesting relic at the Admiralty is the actual model from which the figure on the Nelson Monument was taken, and this stands in the vestibule of the old buildings in Whitehall. The department presided over by Mr. Chamberlain is also from time to time the rendezvous of

many interesting relics, including quaintly carved paddles and other primitive articles from remote colonies. The Office of Works can, however, lay claim to the possession of what is perhaps, after all, the most historically interesting, though domestic, memento, namely, the table of the old House of Commons, which was rescued from the destructive fire of 1834. What a tale this rare old piece of furniture could unfold were it but able to recall the many distinguished statesmen to whom it has lent support while delivering their orations! It formed part of the original fittings of the House in 1706.

It was inevitable that numerous rivals to the modern Robinson Crusoe should arise, and the latest claimant to attention is Louis de Greenmont, whose marvellous adventures are now appearing in the *Portmuthian*, the chronicler



of small-beer at the Portsmouth Grammar School. De Greenmont was once at the Grammar School, and, to quote the editorial, "his story has the true Washington ring about it . . . and the indubitable impress of truth which the narrative bears can be detected by the veriest tyro in literature." The advertisement of these adventures has created an enormous demand for the school magazine, and Mr. Grin will have to look to his laurels if he does not want to be beaten off his own field. The *Portmuthian* gladly offers the fullest facilities for investigation to the *Daily Chronicle*.

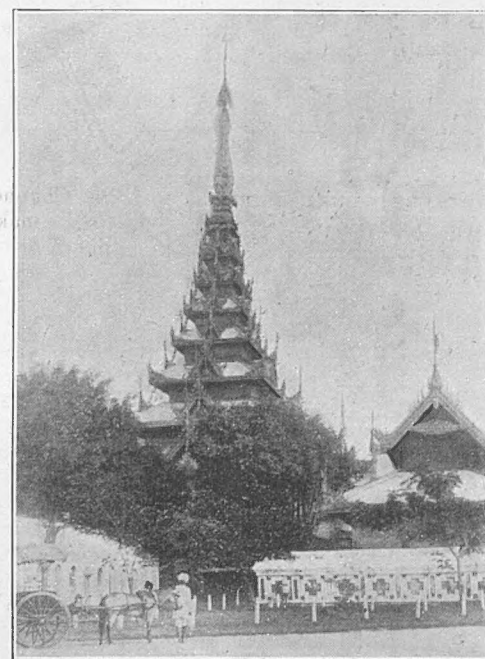
The Sunday Concert question appears to have been decided by the judgment of Lord Justice Collins, who decided that the Lord's Day Observance Act of George III. was not violated by payment for tickets, provided that some of the seats were free. Until this judgment is set aside by a superior tribunal it ought to be regarded as the law. This is very shocking to Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who says that only a pagan can approve of Sunday concerts at the Queen's Hall which put money into the pocket of Mr. Robert Newman. If that be true, then the County Council are all pagans, for they employ Sunday bands, the members of which must be paid. Any gentleman who blows a trombone on Sunday in a County Council band does so for private gain. He and his employers are, therefore, heathens in the enlightened mind of Mr. Hughes. But what has this to do with common sense? If you take an omnibus on Sunday from Piccadilly Circus to Exeter Hall, you pay a penny. Does that make you a pagan? Must the London General Omnibus Company soothe the religious susceptibilities of Mr. Hughes by letting him ride for nothing? Mr. Robert Newman cannot provide Sunday concerts for nothing. The concerts are rational and desirable, and that is the whole matter. As to the argument that they would lead to the opening of theatres on Sunday, that is dishonest twaddle.

Among the most recent of school operettas I may note "Alice in Dreamland," which has been composed by Mr. C. Hutchins Lewis for girls' voices, and published by the Curwens. The argument of the operetta, which has been written with very considerable skill by Mr. James Watson, of Downham Market, Norfolk, is that Alice, a discontented girl, is sent to sleep by her Fairy-godmother, who causes her to dream and see girls in other lands, notably among the Eskimos. After seeing their hardships, she is ashamed of her rebellious spirit, and wonders how she could be so dissatisfied with her English home. The story is told by seven characters and a chorus. The words are very easily learned, and the music is catchy.

Germany is once more ousting the commerce of Great Britain from markets which we appear to have forfeited owing to the criminal neglect of a squeamish Government. What Great Britain has left to the efforts of the first business-man in Europe has been within our reach since the dominions of Turkey became a bone for European contention. Had we not bullied when it was essential to conciliate, we might not now be speculating upon the precise significance of the friendship between the Imperial host and his imperious guest. Is it possible that the subtle diplomacy of Abdul receives nothing in exchange for the choicest pearls which the Orient can produce? Can the existence of a secret convention between Turkey and Germany be doubted after serious consideration? Germany is in a position to provide the barrier necessary for the future integrity of the Sultan's Asiatic Empire, as such an alliance would depreciate the menaces of Russia from the Caucasus (?).

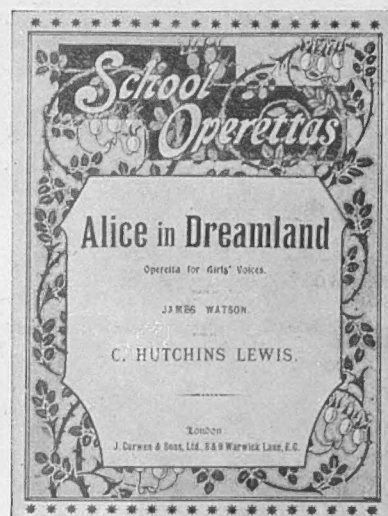
The moral is but the application of our political economy to contemporary events. Is it not as well to drop our airs of unctuous rectitude and to consider what the position of this country is to the Near—and yet so distant—East? The Concert in Crete attributes its own evils to the influence of the Porte, but are we to follow in the footsteps of that misguided quartet? Turkey wished to maintain friendship as the basis of our mutual intercourse. Can we not make approaches where she is anxious to make amends? We have lost so much by our arrogant domination of Turkey during the last few years that it is time to remember what depends upon the future in preference to harping back to what has gone before.

In view of the Viceroy of India's visit to Burmah, this picture, taken by Mrs. Bailey, of Fort Dufferin, Mandalay, is of interest. It represents the "Centre of the Universe." This elegant spire is a wooden construction under which stands King Thibaw's golden throne. It is believed by the Burmans to be the centre of the world. It is now used as the Cantonment Church for Church of England services.



"THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE."

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who frightened us all into fits half-a-dozen years ago or more by his realistic appreciation of horrid Mr. Hyde, is now drawing Brother Jonathan to a man with his delightful impersonation of delightful Cyrano de Bergerac. It is said that his nose excels in subtlety even that of Coquelin with its frequent gradations.



COVER OF "ALICE IN DREAMLAND."

What is the narrowest street in the world? The pictures I recently published open up the dispute, for a correspondent tells me that it is Parliament Street, Exeter, which is not wide enough for two persons to pass each other. Again, what is the highest building? I recently gave a picture of a residential building at Rotterdam 120 feet high. A correspondent points out that Queen Anne's Mansions are 150 feet high, with thirteen storeys.

The Strand has a new and rather alarming ornament in the new clock at the *Morning Post* office. The hands, which by day are of a peculiarly grisly hue, point, not to the usual numerals, but to the letters of my contemporary's highly respectable name. At night the pointers are illuminated in such a startling way that a citizen, emerging from the Gaiety bar after rather more than a modest refreshment, might be seriously alarmed. The *Post* is not a sensational organ. Why does it make its clock as terrifying as the timepiece in the "Ingoldsby Legends," which took the likeness of the late Mrs. Winifred Price and haunted her husband in the most unpleasant manner? Nervous persons will really have to be warned not to take the time of day from the *Morning Post*.

The objectionable person in clerical attire who haunts Regent Street and Oxford Street, whispering into the ears of people, "Are you saved?" was observed approaching a stout policeman the other day. Two small urchins watched the encounter. The missionary applied himself to the policeman's ear, and the policeman remained unmoved. "Gawd!" said one urchin to the other, "'E's tryin' to save the copper!"

A correspondent points out that the Kilkenny playbill reproduced in these columns recently is a joke. It appears in Edward Stirling's "Old Drury Lane" (Chatto and Windus, 1881, Vol. II., p. 298), and again in Mr. E. A. Parry's "Charles Macklin" (Kegan Paul, 1881, p. 124).

A droll story of the matinée-hat comes from Paris. Sitting in a theatre, in a hat of startling dimensions, a lady heard a voice behind her, "Is there no good sense left? Are we to have our view of the stage blocked by people in hats like that?" The protest, which was made by a stout gentleman, became so vehement that the lady rose and walked out. A

week or two later, at another theatre, she found herself sitting behind a stout personage with a great head and two huge ears which stood out like fans. At once she perceived that it was her assailant of the previous occasion. So, addressing the audience at large, she exclaimed, "Is there no good sense left? Are we to have our view of the stage blocked by people with ears like these in front of me?" After a few moments of this eloquence the ears retreated in discomfiture.

The fourteenth century of the death of Savonarola is being celebrated at Ferrara, his native place. This celebration, which was postponed in



SAVONAROLA.

May on account of the disturbances, began last Sunday week, to last a fortnight. A statue in the centre of the town represents the famous monk on the fagots, and bears the following inscription—

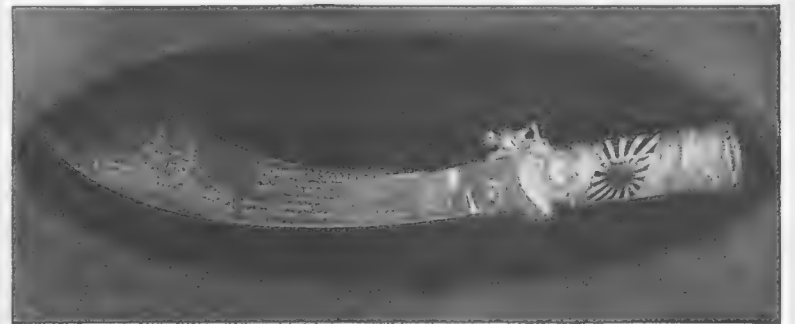
TO JEROME SAVONAROLA,
Who boldly denounced vice and tyranny in a corrupt age.
Born in Ferrara 21st Sept., 1452.
Burnt alive in Florence 23rd May, 1498.

It is perhaps uncertain whether, as its advocates across the Channel seem to pretend, a knowledge of the English language will make better colonists of the French. At any rate, it is not for us immodestly to make any such claim. But it would save us from some philological humiliations, and on this behalf we may look with interest on a discussion of the matter that has been going on for a year or more in the Paris Press. France is divided into two camps over the question of whether there is greater utility in a classical or what is known as a "modern" education. M. Jules Lemaitre has led the "modern" side, and has been accused for it of wishing to turn French boys into little Englishmen. As the habits of a people are not changed by arguments, it may be noted of the opening school-year that the classic seems to be jogging on about as usual. At the same time, it is also to be remarked that the opposition, no whit discouraged, has finished with sharpening its tomahawks and has got down to work. One of its members has endowed the Sorbonne with five travelling scholarships, enabling the recipients to spend fifteen months in making a tour of the world, to be awarded to graduates knowing English, and the first happy winners are even now on the road. Which for a beginning may be considered a master-stroke.

Our interest in the matter is philological. We object to the habit some French journalists have of setting down as English every slang word adopted on the boulevard and whose origin is not known. We may have very broad backs, but it is hard to bear such accusations as the following, for instance, printed in the Paris *Figaro*: "Every day

the French language is 'enriched' with a new word or expression from the English. Thus, *rallye-paper*, *pschutteux*, *vlan*, *gommeux*, *horizontale*, &c., are now used in conversation." This is really cruel. It is true on our side that we are not always sharp-shod on the French.

Madame Kato, wife of the Japanese Minister in London, who presided at the launch of the new Japanese battleship *Shikishima* at Blackwall



KNIFE PRESENTED TO MADAME KATO ON LAUNCHING THE "SHIKISHIMA."

the other day, was presented with a beautiful silver knife (designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb), with which she cut the last cord that bound the vessel to the land. The handle, delicately chased in relief with royal chrysanthemums, is encircled by the Japanese flag enamelled in colours, while a boldly modelled dragon forms the hilt. On the obverse of the blade itself appears a suitable inscription, flanked by etchings of the *Shikishima* and an ancient war-junk, to illustrate the progress of the Japanese Navy. The Imperial crest of the Mikado, surrounded by appropriate Japanese emblems, decorates the reverse of blade, and also appears in gold on the cap of handle, richly chased in bas-relief.

In confirmation of your paragraph in *The Sketch* of Nov. 2 (writes a correspondent), respecting the poison of yew-leaves to horses and other domestic animals, the following extracts from the *Mirror* of Aug. 12, 1837, may be interesting—

POISON OF THE YEW-TREE.—Nine two-year-old heifers were lately poisoned at South Carr, in Derbyshire, by eating the loppings of a yew-tree which had been left in the field where they were grazing.—*Derby Mercury*.

The war has produced many things in the United States, but nothing more remarkable than a poet of seven; the son of one of the chief physicians of Washington. He is George Morton Rosse, and his effusions certainly possess a certain amount of dash, if the following stanza from one of his poems which has been published may be taken as an example—

A soldier or a sailor,
My spirit should not lag
To guard the fair land of my birth
And the honour of her flag.

If he is able to keep up this sort of thing, he ought to develop into a worthy writer for the Empire or the Palace, or the American representative of our music-halls, where patriotism is allowed to run rampant and warlike sentiment is pre-ordained to success.

A correspondent sends me the accompanying photograph of the steamship *Bluejacket*, which went ashore, on the night of Nov. 9, on the rocks under Longships Lighthouse, off the Cornish coast. The *Bluejacket* was bound from Plymouth to Cardiff in ballast. She is of



THE "BLUEJACKET" ASHORE NEAR THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE.

Photo by Geoffrey Coles, Land's End, Cornwall.

2090 tons' burthen. The Longships Lighthouse is on a small island one and a-quarter miles west of Land's End. How the vessel ran aground is a mystery somewhat akin to that of the *Mohegan*. Fortunately, in this case no lives were lost.

This year will be memorable in the contemporary history of the Papacy. When, ten years ago, the Pope celebrated with extraordinary pomp his Sacerdotal Jubilee, it was difficult for anyone to foresee that he would be able to celebrate also his Episcopal Jubilee, taking into consideration his great age and the delicate state of his health; but that event, to



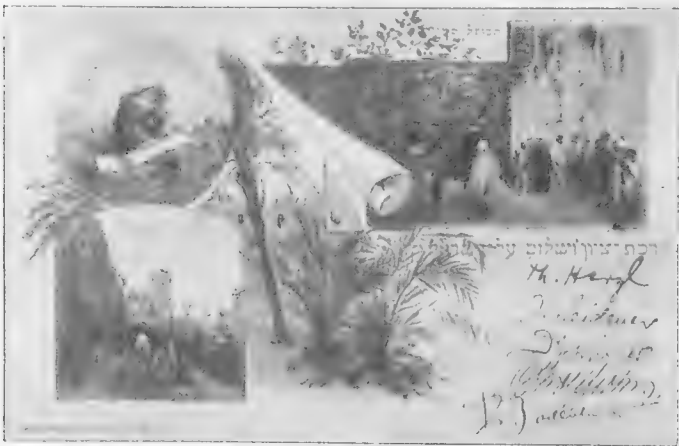
A POSTCARD ISSUED IN HONOUR OF THE POPE.

the surprise of many, has taken place this year. In memory of this fact this postcard has been issued, representing the Pope as he looked when he said his first Mass and also at the age of his Papal coronation.

The Pope's achievement of his two Jubilees is due not only to his great age, but also to his rapid advancement in diplomatic ecclesiastical career. In 1832, preferring to enter into the service of the Holy See instead of taking charge of a parish, he entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics at Rome. At twenty-eight years of age he was made Governor of the City of Benevento. Very soon he cleared the place of the brigands and political conspirators, and caused commerce and agriculture to flourish. Three years after, he was made Governor of Spoleto, and at thirty-three years of age this young prelate, to his great surprise, was chosen to fill the post of Nuncio at the Court of Brussels. There he remained for three years, attending to his duties with admirable capacity. In 1846 he was recalled to Rome by Pope Gregory XVI. to be appointed Archbishop of Perugia. But before leaving Belgium he was decorated by King Leopold I. with the cross of the new order founded by himself, and also, at the joint solicitation of the King and of Baron Stockmar, he came to London to visit King Leopold's niece, Queen Victoria, at the Court of St. James.

After a month spent in England, he went to Rome, where he was elected Archbishop of Perugia, and then Cardinal. He distinguished himself by his great zeal and activity against the deliverance and the unity of Italy, which is a pity, as one would rather have seen the zeal and activity on the other side. At the election of Pope, in 1878, he obtained at the first ballot twenty-three votes; in the next, thirty-eight votes; and in the third and last, forty-four.

Since Dr. Herzl came to London, a few weeks ago, and addressed a mass-meeting of the Zionists at Charrington's Assembly Hall, he has been to Constantinople, where he again had an audience with the Sultan, and thence to Palestine, where he was received by the Kaiser. I learn that the Sultan has signified his approval of the Zionist movement, and the Kaiser, receiving a deputation of European Zionists headed by Dr. Herzl, in Jerusalem, assured them that all efforts to improve Palestine, "in full recognition of the Sultan's sovereign rights," might



IT CAME FROM THE LAND OF CANAAN.

rely upon his "benevolent interest." In fact, the Zionists have secured a great triumph, for it is clear that the Sultan is disposed to grant them a legalised home in Palestine, and that the Kaiser is prepared to support the grant. Although the Jews have been temporarily forbidden to

enter Palestine, no difficulties were put in the way of Dr. Herzl and his colleagues, the heads of the Zionist movement in nearly every country of Europe, save England. From Palestine, Dr. Herzl and the prominent members of his deputation sent the pretty card here reproduced to some of their friends in Europe. It is likely that prompt proceedings will now be taken to float the Colonial Bank.

A correspondent who was a frequent visitor to the Ashanti Embassy, both when it was located in Lennox Gardens as well as in Sir William Plowden's fine mansion in Park Crescent, Portland Place, writes to say that Prince John Ossoo Ansah, whose financial affairs have lately been occupying the attention of the Bankruptcy Court, is not nearly so interesting a personality—because more civilised—as either of the six native messengers who journeyed all the way from Coomassie to the Colonial Office to seek an interview with the Secretary of state. Among these were Kwaku Fukoo, Kwamin Boatin, Kwaku Immah—the Lord Lathom, so to speak, of the Court of the ex-King Prempeh—and Cobinah Bonda, the Court Crier, corresponding, no doubt, to a sort of beadle or bell-man, and invested, perhaps, with somewhat of the dignity of our own Serjeant-at-Arms. "During their rather prolonged stay in London, I had many opportunities (he says) of studying their habits and seeing how they adapted themselves to the strange surroundings into which they were temporarily thrown.

"The frightful uneasiness with which they wore the clothes provided for them on their arrival in England was scarcely less

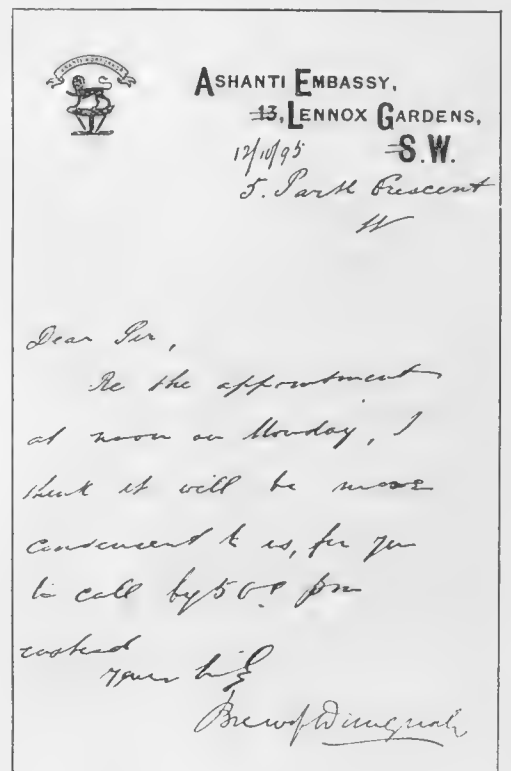
marked than the utter discomfiture with which they disported themselves on the beautiful settees and lounges in the two houses which they occupied, whilst the very sight of these half-dozen savages, to whom the use of knife and fork was an unknown quantity, enjoying a sort of *table d'hôte*, supplied each evening by a West-End firm, was scarcely less incongruous than would have been the appearance of a bevy of Society ladies from Mayfair or Kensington squatting amid the squalid mud-huts which constituted the capital of the dethroned King. On one occasion, and only one, did I see them in the full-dress of their native Court, which was practically *in puris naturalibus*, and that was when they left their cards at the Colonial Department. I happened to be in the Foreign Office Courtyard when the ex-King's Court Chamberlain and Crier drove up in separate hansoms, and the sight which they presented as they gravely ascended the stairs, carrying their huge baubles of gold and other insignia of office, was one to be remembered. Their sole habiliments consisted of a somewhat impoverished arrangement of beads, the neatness, scantiness, and gaudiness of which were just about co-equal."

I give herewith a facsimile of the Ashanti crest which they adopted in London, together with the signature of Prince Brew, who, like the Princes John and Albert Ossoo Ansah, resided with them during the period of their official mission in this country.

In a friend's copy of that most delightful romance, "The Forest Lovers," I found the following tribute to the author's talent, written in sonnet form upon a blank leaf—

"The Forest Lovers"! What an idyl here
Of love and fighting, caresses and blows!
Here 'neath the Greenwood Tree the story flows
As varied as a river; pure and clear,
And sparkling in a sylvan atmosphere.
Through screen of leaves here sunshine warmly glows
On glorious deeds of arms. Then soft repose
Descends on wearied men and lovers dear.
A true romance, which warms the blood like wine,
And courses through the veins, a wholesome fire.
No morbid introspections, no desire
To strip the robe that Nature's wise design
Has hung about our imperfections dire—
Strip it, and trail it in the foulest mire.

The latter stanza is, apparently, aimed at those followers (at several thousand miles' distance) of Balzac who have done their best to disfigure English literature during the last few years.



The Skye poetess is dead, for she passed away on the 8th inst. at Portree. Mary Macpherson began life as a domestic servant, when she seems to have been a lively and almost boisterous young woman, with apparently no element of poetry in her composition. After the death of her husband, who was an Inverness shoemaker, Mrs. Macpherson was so



MARY MACPHERSON, THE SKYE
POETESS.

Photo by Whyte, Inverness.

enraged by some legal proceedings that she burst forth into verse for the first time. In 1874, at the time of Mr. Fraser Mackintosh's election as Parliamentary member for the Inverness Burghs, she published several songs in his favour, and continued afterwards to write in the interests of the crofters. At all the Land League meetings Mrs. Macpherson's portly person was welcome, when she would rouse the Celtic spirit with her verses. In 1894 Mr. John Whyte published a beautifully illustrated volume of over one hundred of her songs. For Professor Blackie, Mrs. Macpherson had a great admiration, and he for her. At one time, when the Professor was in Skye, she presented him with a plaid woven by herself. This plaid he always wore, and, after his death, it was placed on his coffin. It was also one of Mrs. Macpherson's great delights to show all her friends the

silver-mounted walking-stick which Professor Blackie had given her. Mrs. Macpherson's remains were taken to Inverness, where they were interred the other day in the chapel-yard burying-ground.

With regard to the much-discussed family-tree of the Sirdar, and with particular reference to the article and pedigree which appeared in the columns of *The Sketch*, a first cousin of Lord Kitchener writes to me to say that the clergyman of Lakenheath, the Rev. F. G. Scrivener, has found in the registers of his parish twelve entries of burials of members of the Kitchener family between the years 1726 and 1781, and records of fifteen baptisms between 1713 and 1799. Mr. Thomas Kitchener, who was the founder of the family, as far as the pedigree went, appears to have been a churchwarden at Lakenheath in 1697, and a stone tablet in the belfry records the fact. A new block of buildings in Drury Lane have been named "Kitchener Flats."

Colonel Wauchope, who has earned fame for his services in the Sudan as commander of the First British Brigade at Omdurman, has been lionised since his return to Scotland. In opening bazaars, athletic pavilions, and kindred other functions, he has been appearing at least two or three times each week. The Colonel, it may be recalled, was Mr. Gladstone's opponent on the occasion of the deceased statesman's last campaign in Midlothian.

The repatriation of the Royal Canadian Regiment has not up to the present been quite the success anticipated. Although the regiment bears the curiously mixed title "The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians)," only the word "Leinster" appears on the shoulder-strap. So, while the War Office is waiting to see how the experiment of recruiting in the Dominion succeeds before altering the present title of the regiment, the Canadian recruits are apparently waiting for the change of name before (figuratively) "taking the shilling." Although a regiment may be changed from Englishmen to Highlanders by a stroke of the pen, until the pen has made this particular change the patriotic Canadian declines to become an Irishman—even from Leinster. The Canadian is above all things a Canadian, and one of them puts the whole thing in a nutshell when

he writes: "Some people ignore such things as distinctive titles, uniforms, traditions, war service, and honourable records. . . . It may be so in England, but it is not so in Canada. If recruits are sought in Canada, the regiment must be properly designated."

Lieut.-General Sir Baker Creed Russell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., has been appointed to the command of the Southern District, with headquarters at Portsmouth; in place of General Sir John Davis, K.C.B., whose term in the command has expired. General Russell is an old Carabinier ("Tieborne's Own"), and joined the Army forty-three years ago. He served with his regiment during the Mutiny, and was specially mentioned by Sir Thomas Seaton for his gallantry at Putteali, where he commanded the cavalry. In 1873 he accompanied Lord Wolseley to the Gold Coast on "special service," and organised and commanded the native regiment named after him ("Russell's Regiment") during the Ashanti War. In 1879—again with Lord Wolseley—he went to South Africa, and commanded the forces in the operations against Sekukuni. He took part in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 with his old leader, and commanded a cavalry brigade, being present at El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and the capture of Cairo. Besides "mentions," for his services against Sekukuni he was appointed "A.D.C. to the Queen" and "K.C.M.G.," and for his Egyptian services he received the "K.C.B." and the "Medjidie," in addition to the medal and Khedive's star.

The announcement of the sale in Edinburgh next month of the valuable collection of Oriental armour, arms, and objects of Eastern art which belonged to the great Marquis of Dalhousie, the last of the historic Governors-General of India under the East India Company, reminds one that the distinguished administrator began his work in our great dependency at an earlier period of life than the new Viceroy, whose youth has been thought in some quarters to be incommensurate with the responsibilities of the exalted position to which he has been called. It is interesting also to recall the fact that, according to an addition to his will, the Marquis of Dalhousie decreed that, while it had been the custom of his father and himself to keep a full private journal during their lives, "and, as there prevails in these days," he adds, "a mania for giving publicity to the correspondence of public men, however slight may have been their real importance in the annals of the period, or however valueless may be these written remains, no portion of the private papers of my father or of myself shall be made public until at least fifty years after my death." These papers, by the way, are carefully preserved in Coalstown till the year 1910. A considerable portion of the articles to be sold were obtained by Lord Dalhousie after the capture of Lahore, and two of them, an emerald bow-ring and an emerald cup, each cut out of a single stone, are alone valued at £5000.



COLONEL WAUCHOPE, WHO HAS BEEN MADE A MAJOR-GENERAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE FIELD.

Photo by Thomas Kemp, Dalketh.

Miss Doris Dean, who is a daughter of the publisher of "Debrett," has a great talent for mimicry, singing, and dancing. When about three years old she contracted the proverbial influenza, which, as we all know, has a habit of leaving its marks in some spot or other, and in her case it left its cruel sting on her heart. Her parents at once took her to



MISS DORIS DEAN.
Photo by Wheeler, Brighton.

a well-known heart specialist, who prescribed "dancing." No medicine could have been sweeter for this little maiden. She took to it with an inborn love, and very soon passed over the heads of children three and four times her age, who had been learning for as many years. It was then that her talent for music, singing, and mimicry also began to show itself. She is now only nine years old, and has already performed at many large functions with great success. Indeed, she can hold a large audience for an entire afternoon by herself, as was shown the other day at an "At Home," where by a mishap the other artists engaged missed the special train, and did not arrive until the "At Home" was nearly over. She has already sung before the Princess of Wales.

A few nights ago I was at Terry's Theatre, and the curtain had just risen on the first act of Captain Marshall's clever play, "The Broad Road." Three ladies came in and passed along the row in which I sat, with a friend, on the way to their seats. We stood up to allow them to pass, and then turned our attention to the stage. I was vaguely conscious that the newcomers, who sat next to me, were ill at ease, and that they were whispering together. Suddenly they rose and passed before us again in pained procession. We stood up, but I was looking at the stage and following the story, so that, when the last lady made a remark to me in passing, I did not attend, but, taking it to be a conventional expression of regret for again disturbing us, made an equally conventional reply. As I sat down, I noticed that my friend was highly amused. "Did you hear what that lady said to you?" he asked. "No," I replied, "I did not." "She told you," he remarked, "that she and her friends had come to the wrong theatre by mistake, and you replied that you were not at all disturbed, and begged her not to mention it." If these lines meet the eyes of the lady, who had probably mistaken Terry's Theatre for the Strand, and "The Broad Road" for "What Happened to Jones," she will probably realise my error and my regret.

The centenary of the invention of lithography is about to be celebrated this year in London in a very appropriate manner. This will be by means of two exhibitions of lithographic art. One of these will be at the South Kensington Museum, and the other in the British Museum. In the latter the Keeper of the Prints Department will be able to make a very good show from the lithographs in his collection. At South Kensington the authorities have invited contributions from those who chance to possess lithographic impressions, and it will likely be the largest and most complete exhibition of what lithography has accomplished. The celebration will at the same time be one in honour of Senefelder, the inventor of lithography. Johann Aloys Senefelder was

born at Prague in 1771. He discovered that a particular kind of limestone, now known as "lithographic stone," could absorb grease, and this simple fact became the basis on which he invented lithographic printing. The ink or crayon that the artist uses must have grease of some kind in its composition. The lithographic process admits of a great variety of methods, and, in the hands of an artist, is capable of producing most beautiful results. This will be seen when the two exhibitions are opened, for at one time a large amount of art-illustration was done by this means.

The latest discovery, that women are eating starch, is startling. What next?—

The women who lead in the march
Have taken to feeding on starch,
Though I think its effect
Must make them stiff-necked,
Preventing their looking quite arch.

Can it be that the reason they sup
On starch, from a plate or a cup,
Is to balance the bike,
The latch-key and like,
By keeping their dignity up.

It really is hard to make out
What some of the sex are about,
For each little phase
Of their curious ways
Inspires one with wonder and doubt.

The birds that should fly in the air
Must nest in the coil of the hair—
In fact, it is true
That they form quite a "Zoo"
In the feathers and furs that they wear.

What once was a feminine fluff
Is stiffened in collar and cuff,
And the dear little flirt
Has adopted a shirt,
And dresses in tailor-made stuff.

'Tis hard to embrace as your "Pet"
The girl who is all cigarette.
A maid who can smoke
Is a very good joke,
But one doesn't marry her set. . . .

Whatever vagaries befall,
A girl is a girl after all;
Though living on Colman,
She always can troll man,
Whenever she wishes to call.



AN OLD FAVOURITE.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS LADY URSULA BARRINGTON.

The kernel of the play consists of the fact that Lady Ursula, in order to visit Sir George Sylvester and prevent his duel with her brother, has to masquerade in her younger brother's clothes.

“THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA,” AT THE DUKE OF YORK’S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Mrs. Fenton (Miss F. Haydon) tells Miss Dorothy, her niece (Miss Agnes Miller), that girls have no true modesty nowadays.



Lady Ursula is amazed that even such a misogynist as Sir George Sylvester could refuse to see her. She meditates.



Lady Ursula shows Dorothy the pair of “rationals” in which she intends to force her way to Sir George and prevent his duel with her brother, the Earl of Hussenden.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Miss Evelyn Millard has now reached the highest position she has yet been placed in. She is the centre and the source of Mr. Anthony Hope's play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," at the Duke of York's Theatre. In point of its artistic value, the part of Lady Ursula is not so great as other rôles she has filled, but the play certainly gives her a stage. Miss Millard got a good start, for her father, Mr. John Millard, was the Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy and also at the Royal College of Music. But it was not till July 1891 that she made her appearance on the stage, when she joined the forces of Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate. She at once began playing leading parts, making her début as Julia in "The Hunchback." Her first appearance in London was at the Adelphi in "The Trumpet Call," in December 1891. Since then she has been familiar to playgoers. Miss Millard, perhaps, first stepped out when she played the part of Mrs. Tanqueray. Of course, Mrs. Campbell had sounded the proper note, but Miss Millard had a certain tone of her own. But far and away the best, the most individual, thing Miss Millard has ever done was the young wife in Mr. H. V. Esmond's very clever play, "The Divided Way." Miss Millard certainly understood and felt the part intensely, and though the play had no great popularity, some of us were thrilled by her superb acting at certain critical moments. Since then she has had no parts quite so much to her liking; and she is inherently an actress of a personal mood, and not a mere puppet to be stage-managed into some sort of competence. Thus her work



Lady Ursula tries to look at her ease in Sir George's library, but wishes she were once more in petticoats.

in "Julius Cæsar" was scarcely so good as in some modern parts she has played. On the other hand, she seems to have had more chance of taking her own lead in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and the result is a very clever all-round sample of acting that is drawing the town to St. Martin's Lane. Whether the play was actually written for her or not, I cannot say; but the part of Lady Ursula certainly fits her well.

It is rather curious that one of Miss Millard's companions-in-arms at the Duke of York's Theatre should be the Mr. Herbert Waring who figured like her in "The Masqueraders," at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Waring has certainly made more progress in his intellectual grasp of his art than most of our actors. He is just forty-one, and took to the stage at the age of twenty, after being educated at the Merchant Taylors' School. Before he appeared at the St. James's Theatre with Mr. Hare and the Kendals, he had been laboriously learning his art for six years in the country and in London. He supported Miss Mary Anderson in America, coming back to establish his reputation in the historic performance of "The Doll's House," at the Novelty Theatre, under the management of Miss Achurch. He made his greatest hit, perhaps, as the Master Builder to Miss Robins' Hilda Wangel five years ago, since which time he has been a man to watch. Nothing could have been better than his Sir Brice Skene in "The Masqueraders," and his Black Michael in "The Prisoner of Zenda." One feels, however, that he never lets himself go altogether.



Sir George (Mr. Herbert Waring) is jocular, and slaps her on her pretty back and admires her well-turned legs.



They get on like a house on fire. Sir George will drop the duel, but decides to accompany Ursula to London, to her great embarrassment.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lady Ursula escapes from Sir George, but when she comes to her brother's room falls into the hands of some officers in the Foot Guards, and Mr. Dent, a fiery civilian. They force her to drink her own health!



The officers, failing to "smoke" the masquerading girl, invite her to smoke, and are enraged when she throws down the pipe. A quarrel ensues and she has two duels on her dainty hands, one with Sir George. She gets out of both.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Dorothy goes late to Sir George's in search of Ursula. Doctor Blenboe (Mr. George Raimeond) hides her when footsteps are heard.



This is Mr. Dent (Mr. Charles Fulton), the fiery civilian who challenges Lady Ursula.



The Earl of Hassenden (Mr. Percy Lyndal) also goes to Sir George's in search of Ursula. At a critical moment, when a new quarrel is brewing between Sir George and the Earl, Lady Ursula discloses herself. Peace is restored, love declared, and wedding bells are in the air.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS LADY URSULA BARRINGTON.

Lady Ursula is herself again.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON'S "CHITRAL." *

"Our little wars," as well as our big, find their inevitable chronicler, and in these latter days, when little wars and literary facility do more and more abound, the patient reviewer shrinks from the frequent volume bearing the be-handled name which tells of foreign service. Too often, the writer, be he subaltern, colonel, or "mere civilian," is prosy: a faithful narrator perhaps, but no story-teller. And unless the narrator of events be also a cunning story-teller, he is, I take it, no historian for this impetuous generation—a generation greedy of fact, no doubt, but demanding also "atmosphere," "local colour," "true values," and the kindred qualities which we must perforce describe by the jargon of the studio.

Shibboleths, no doubt, these words are, and therefore perilous to those who, like the Ephraimites of old, repeat them with an alien accent, but they are not meaningless. That such terms pass current in literary criticism, that they are used with knowledge by some, at least, is proof of a more general culture and of a growing need, already in some sort articulate, for the closer union of the merely accurate with the picturesque. In the little histories of our little wars that union has not always been attained. At times it has been painfully a-wanting. The Chitral affair, that microcosm of warfare, but terribly alive, glowing, like

the rays from a burning-glass, only the fiercer for concentration, deserved a better fate at the hands of its historian. That better fate it has found. The work of others in the same field does not concern us here. It is sufficient to say that Sir George Robertson has brought to his task not only great knowledge and the power of marshalling facts, but a fine eye for picturesque effect, accurate sense of proportion, keen sympathy, humour, and a ready

pen. The result is that the tale has been told so as to give just emphasis to its wonderful element of romance. I say "just emphasis" advisedly. No attempt has been made to colour or to "write up" incidents. Quietly, but enthrallingly, the story, as it were, tells itself.

The book at the outset is a short history of earlier British dealings with Chitral and of the domestic politics of that curious State. The country had been quiet under the long reign of the Mehtar, Aman-ul-Mulk, surnamed "the Wrestler," but on his death the question of succession practically gave rise to all the recent trouble. Aman had only two legitimate sons, though he had others in abundance. The two recognised heirs were Nizam-ul-Mulk and Afzul-ul-Mulk, the former a person of fine presence, the love of ladies, but a hopeless misogynist; the latter a poor sort of creature. Afzul was shortly done to death, and Nizam enjoyed a brief sway, but on Jan. 1, 1895, he, in turn, was slain by his half-brother, one Amir-ul-Mulk, whom the people had accounted little better than a fool. Amir-ul-Mulk's deed was a revelation to his countrymen. "We thought Amir-ul-Mulk an idiot," said they, "and lo! he has killed Nizam!"

Then Amir-ul-Mulk entered upon some very crooked policy. He had a half-brother, Umra-Khan, of Jandol, to whom he applied for help. At the same time he entered into negotiations with Sher-Afzul from Kabul, who had, a considerable time before, held a brief sway in Chitral. Amir promised to resign in Sher-Afzul's favour, if Sher-Afzul would, in return, adopt him. When it seemed that Sher-Afzul was likely to comply,

Amir-ul-Mulk coolly sent word to Umra that he was not wanted. Umra thereupon announced that he had entered upon a holy war against the Káfirs of the Bashgul Valley, and that, if Amir-ul-Mulk refused to join him, he must take the consequences. A stampede from Lower Chitral began, and the British Political Officer, Lieutenant Gurdon, who was alone with a handful of Sikhs, ran grave risk of being surrounded either by Umra-Khan's men or by disaffected Chitralis.

Events moved quickly. On Jan. 1, Nizam had been slain; on the 15th, Sir George Robertson left for Chitral. On the way, he received news that Gurdon was cut off from retreat. Fearing the worst, the relief party pressed forward by forced marches, and arrived in time to save Gurdon. Here the chief interest of the book begins, for the relieving force, as everybody remembers, was itself beleaguered and could entertain only the scantiest hope of relief. With wonderful verve, and an exquisite sense, withal, of what he terms "the Gilbert and Sullivan" side of the affair, Sir George Robertson unfolds the story. It is, indeed, a miniature epic, as it were, of what Englishmen, ay, and their Oriental allies, can dare and do in desperate straits.

Amir-ul-Mulk proved an impossible ruler. He determined to make his peace with Sher-Afzul, and accordingly proposed that the British officers should withdraw to Mastuj, a step that would mean their ruin at Sher-Afzul's hands. The representative of the Government of India,

in open durbar, proclaimed that, by this act, Amir-ul-Mulk had practically resigned the Mehtarship, and set up his half-brother, Shuja-ul-Mulk, a grave little boy, afterwards affectionately known to Mr. Thomas Atkins as "Sugar-and-Milk."

The beleaguered party had by this time retired into the fort, which they did their utmost to strengthen. With Robertson were Gurdon, Campbell, Townshend, Baird, Whitechurch, and

Harley. The first now reverted from political to military duties; Campbell was senior soldier-assistant. On March 3 a reconnaissance was made under Campbell, which ended in severe defeat. Baird was mortally wounded. He was brought back to the fort only by the personal gallantry of Surgeon Whitechurch. The party was now very closely invested, and on March 10 the first week of the minor siege was completed.

By a telling device the author has suggested in his narrative the punctuation of those weary weeks. The tale, as he tells it, is far from weary, and the reader is carried along so breathlessly that there would have been danger of losing the sense of time. But the close of every week's record is marked by a line of italics: "*So ended our first week of siege.*" The effect is akin to that of the oft-repeated line in Homer, and heightens the epic character of the story.

The minuter touches of the picture are also admirable—little instances of devotion in the imprisoned garrison lending intenser human interest. When tobacco had almost run out, the little Mehtar gave Robertson a few cigarettes. They were, of course, shared—one to each active man, two for Campbell, who had been prostrated by a wounded knee. They drew out the smoke to the last whiff, and then were careful to save the ends for Whitechurch, who crammed them into the bowl of a pipe and extracted the last remnant of comfort therefrom. With these lighter touches go the stirring tales of combat and hazard, how nerves were strained under the continual sniping, how the besiegers all but fired a mine, but were countermined by Harley. Then, at length, after forty-seven days, during which five hundred and fifty men had been cooped up in eighty square yards of space, came Kelly's relief force, and the story of the minor siege was ended.



CHITRAL FORT, FROM THE ENEMY'S UP-STREAM SANGAR.

From "Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege" (Methuen).

* "Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege" By Sir George Robertson, K.C.S.I. (London: Methuen and Co.)

YESTERDAY WAS ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

IN ROME THEY CELEBRATE THE FESTIVAL OF THE SAINT WHOSE NAME IS REVERENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH MUSIC.

Rome, Nov. 23, 1898.

To-day the very air of Rome teems with the memory of the great patroness of music, the nobly born Roman lady known to the Christian world as "St. Cecilia."

Born in the beginning of the third century, in the reign of Alexander Severus, Cecilia was in early girlhood converted to Christianity, probably under the influence of Urban I., then Bishop of Rome. This did not prevent her marrying, at the age of sixteen, Valerianus, a heathen. By her holy life and example she won over to the Christian cause both her husband and his brother Tiburtius. When their principles were discovered, these two were beheaded, and Almachius, the then Prefect of Rome, envious, it is supposed, of the great wealth of which she had become heiress, ordered Cecilia to be executed also. Being so great a lady, it was not considered wise to degrade her before the populace (in those days the gulf was great between patricians and plebeians), and she was consequently tortured in her own house. She was shut up in her bath-room, and an enormous fire was kept continuously alight, in the hope that she would be suffocated by the vapour. A sufficient time having elapsed, the door was opened, and she was found exhausted, yet still alive. An order then came for her to be

beheaded. Touched, let us hope, by the youth and innocence of his victim, and scared by his inhuman task, the executioner blundered, and at the third blow of the axe the head was not yet severed from the body. He then turned and fled. Tradition says that she lay three days dying, and that, with all her failing strength, she exhorted

the Christians who came to her to remain true to the faith, thanking God that he accounted her, "a humble woman," worthy to die for him. Her death took place on Nov. 22, A.D. 230.

To Bishop Urban she bequeathed her house and the care of her poor, with a request that the former might be converted into a church; hence the beautiful Basilica, which, though it has been many times altered, and once entirely refashioned, still stands in Trastevere, now one of the poorer parts of



THE DEATH OF ST. CECILIA, BY DOMENICHINO.

Rome. Here may be seen the bath-room where the attempted suffocation and subsequent martyrdom took place, the water-conduits and the whole apparatus of a Roman bath being still intact.

The Bishop hurried away the body and buried it secretly in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, where it lay undiscovered till the year A.D. 820. There had always been a natural wish to discover the resting-place of the saint, and the miracle happened in this wise.

It is said—and a document written by himself and preserved in the archives of the Vatican confirms the incident—that "Pope Paschal I., being full of desire to find the body, fell asleep in his Pontifical chair during the celebration of the Divine Office." During this sleep a dream came to Paschal. Cecilia herself appeared to him, clad in raiment of gold and adorned with jewels, and revealed to him the place of her burial. He—the record says—lost no time, but the next day had the body of the saint, which proved to have been embalmed, removed to her own Basilica, where it still rests, under the High Altar.

Once again the sarcophagus was opened, in 1599, by Sfondrato, who, at that time, was Titular Cardinal of the Basilica. The body was discovered lying on the right side, in a shrine of cypress and silver, robed in golden tissue, with a coil of linen steeped in blood at the feet.

Pope Clement VIII. hurried (and can we not imagine how the whole Roman population hurried after him, for it will do so now to any sight which appeals to the emotions?) to do reverence to the body of the saint. Stefano Maderno, the great sculptor of the day, was sent for in haste to model the beautiful form ere the tomb was again



ST. CECILIA, BY MADERNO, IN TRASTAVERE.

closed. Hence the lovely recumbent figure, sorely wounded in the neck, which he who wills may see, underneath the High Altar. No words can add to the pathos of it. The inscription of the sculptor is touching in its simplicity: "Behold the body of the Holy Cecilia, which I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble portrayed for thee the same Saint in the very same position of body."

There is a replica of this figure in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, to mark the original place of burial—the "Cubiculum," or sleeping-place, as it is called—and on this one day of all the year the whole catacomb is illuminated and a beautiful service is held, to the accompaniment of string music. It is an alluring idea, thus, once a year, to worship as the Early Christians worshipped; yet this same catacomb, though deeply interesting, with its Early Christian bones, inscriptions, and carvings, is a very "dour" place, airless to a degree, and not in the least improved by the presence of twenty thousand people, who to-day have thronged into it. Moreover, it is impossible to be in two places at once, therefore we elect to make our commemoration above-ground, and we join the



ST. CECILIA, BY RAPHAEL, AT BOLOGNA.

St. Cecilia, to whom is attributed the invention of the organ, is here represented with her stringed instrument broken, and with an organ provided by angelic visitants.

streaming crowd on its way to the Basilica. Can anything be more picturesque than this Roman crowd? What a curious medley it is! Friars come in plenty, white-robed Dominicans, brown-robed Capuchins; blue, grey, white, and black habited nuns, serene-faced and gentle-eyed, and of order too numerous to mention. Then all the students for the priesthood, with a distinctive dress for each nationality; among others, the Germans and Hungarians in brilliant red, nicknamed the "Little Cardinals," and attracting instant notice; the Spaniards in black and pale blue, the Scots in violet and red. They chat and laugh gaily, as youth should, influenced unconsciously by the happy softness of the sunshine and by the balmy air, which, even now, in late November, carries no suggestion of winter.

Mingling with this ecclesiastical train are the pilgrim men and women from every nation, and weaving in and out of it is that wondrous Roman populace, so dirty for the most part, yet so inexpressibly graceful and attractive, with its luminous dark eyes, its singularly beautiful smile. Would any other type accord so well with the azure of the sky, the solemn gloom of the ilex-trees, and the goodly red and orange of the Roman streets?

We all press into the church. Its fine pictures are hidden by those hideous red and tinsel draperies so dear to the Roman soul on festival days. Yet we know they are there, the masterpieces of Domenichino and Guido, representing the death of Cecilia,

curiously akin to that of Domenichino. In the right aisle is a very ancient fresco, portraying the dream of Pope Paschal, and in the tribune are mosaics of the ninth century, the period of the rebuilding of the church. We hear a great deal of most beautiful music by the Choir of the

Sistine Chapel, commonly known as the "Pope's Singers," and there is a constant movement to and fro, and no repose whatever. The devotion of the Italian prompts him to walk about a great deal in church; this is his "way," and he is not to be judged harshly for it, any more than are we for a certain reserve in all matters of religion, which has its value as a part of our national character. The atmosphere of the densely packed church is trying, and we are glad to emerge into the genial sunlight and fresh air. Later, we take a turn on the Pincio, listen to the inspiring strains of the military band, and gaze with admiration on the pretty, ever-varying crowd. We wait for the sweet-faced Queen, whose grace and transparent goodness stir responsive adoration in the hearts of her subjects. And through it all there comes back to us the vision of a woman, young and passing fair, facing torture and a cruel death rather than abate one iota of those principles which were dearer to her than life itself.

It is difficult to authenticate the claim that St. Cecilia was a skilled musician. There is no such statement in Chaucer's "Nun's Tale" or in Malone's "Dryden," though the latter covers the whole ground.



ST. CECILIA AND ST. VALERIAN, IN THE ST. CECILIA CHURCH, ROME.



ST. CECILIA, BY ROMANELLI FRANCESCO, IN THE CAPITOL, ROME.



ST. CECILIA, BY CARLO DOLCI, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

and the Angel crowning with flowers both Cecilia and her husband Valerianus. Of course, we are reminded of Raphael's world-famed picture in the Bologna Gallery, his conception of the face being

The probability is that her great devotion gave rise to the lovely legend, which fascinated in turn one great painter after another, until at last it took root as an established truth.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Marryat is quite inimitable, and so individual is his manner of story-telling that he has generally been regarded as such. In a few important characteristics he was the heir of some of the older novelists, of Smollett more particularly; but he himself can hardly be said to have had any heirs at all. The elder tradition died with him, and his own idiosyncrasies were impossible to reproduce. But now, late in the day, we are at least reminded of him—of his plan, at any rate, if not of his style and eccentricities; and, very fittingly, it is by the best of our present-day writers of sea-stories. In Mr. Clark Russell's "Romance of a Midshipman" (Unwin) there is something of the spacious and leisurely manner of Marryat. The language is tamer, and the spirit a great deal less brutal. But the pattern is far nearer to his than to the abrupt, shorthand sea-tales of the day. We are not dropped suddenly into the middle of a hurricane or a mutiny. The hero is not called on to show the stuff he is made of in the very first chapter. We are given glimpses of his parentage, of his home, of his always mistaken and absurd schoolmasters. We see him before he is a hero at all, and so have that friendship for him which we can only feel for those we have known from the cradle. Mr. Clark Russell's midshipman is salt enough, but he is so sympathetically human that he would have done very well to head the adventures of an inland story. Perhaps that is the reason why we bear with him so long and so cheerfully. His "romance," if by that name his love-story he meant, is of minor interest. And one must bear a grudge against the impetuous young woman who puts the foot down, says he shall go to sea no more, and is only ambitious for him to have a safe stay-at-home position. But it begins in a visionary fashion; its hero is made to feel it is predestined; and this is significant of the temper of the book, a temper as unlike that of the ordinary writer of sea-stories to-day as it is that of Captain Marryat and the older school. Mr. Russell's sea-faring folk are not mild-mannered sentimentalists. But neither are they all brutes nor grotesque imbeciles. He has known every sort, "literal dogs, soulless skins, whose hearts were dry, and the mechanism of their thoughts ran with the sickening tameness of the rattle of the winch. But sailors there were who could dangle aloft and be visited by the full spirit of the mighty scene. They have spoken to me of the mysterious drummers who beat the low, thunderous roll upon the curved and stirless canvas. They have spoken to me of the voices of the saints singing heart-shaking anthems in the rigging, and I did not laugh at them, because I, too, have heard the mysterious drummers aloft, and listened to the singing of the saints in the shrouds." The general tone is much more prosaic than this; but a strain of visionary feeling makes itself felt every now and then, and detaches it in spirit, as its old style of narrative detaches it in design, from the ordinary adventure-stories of the day.

The realities of life must be pressing very hard on the most obstinately hopeful of all our novelists, Sir Walter Besant, when he ends a story with a disappointment. "The Changeling" (Chapman and Hall) is in its matter and motive uncharacteristic of his temper. The tale moves, in the main, so much in the region of what one might call everyday fairy-land—that is, in a region where ordinary people exist, and conduct themselves in a not very extraordinary fashion, but where they have uncommon opportunities and adventures, and are subject to the chances of most uncommon coincidences—that one expected stern realities to be set aside when they were inconveniently disagreeable. But, no. The Changeling, a poor child, adopted by a rich lady, and brought up as the heir to a fortune and a baronetcy, had a rascally, cold-hearted father, whom he took after. Sir Walter pursues his story logically and sadly. The real mother, who has hungered and thirsted after her boy since the day she parted with him as a baby, is brought face to face with him after many years, and learns what a poor, mean soul he has. It is unlike our most genial novelist to make a last chapter out of such a discomforting scene. But he is his more cheerful self in other portions of "The Changeling," and especially in his description of the women's college founded by Miss Hilarie Woodruffe—a college where there are no lectures, but which is a pleasant and entirely gratuitous home of culture and of the higher life in various forms. The college gives Sir Walter an opportunity for asserting once more his ideal of women and women's work. Hilarie speaks for him: "We teach nothing except the true functions of woman and her place in the human comedy. We admit all those who have to work. Here they learn that work for money and a livelihood is a kind of accident for woman. . . . She ought not to work for pay. . . . They must never lose sight of the fact that woman is the priestess of civilisation. . . . All women's work should be work for love." This may be a poor solution of an old and an unsolved question. But it is very amiable, and one would stake one's all on its being sincere.

In "Twenty Years in the Near East," Mr. Arden Hulme-Beaman records his wide, varied, and most interesting experiences in an undress style, chatty, cheerful, and charming. But, though Mr. Hulme-Beaman

Wears his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodlands looks a flower,

it is wisdom all the same. He has the courage even to take the side of the "unspeakable"—at least, politically—and to denounce our suicidal policy of helping Russia in Constantinople to destroy our influence with Turkey. At best, we are always wobbling. "Our present policy of backing our enemy, Russia, and snubbing our possible bulwark against her, Turkey, is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring." o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The largest, if not the greatest, Military Power in the world has officially pronounced for peace and disarmament, and all the Powers (itself included) are arming with more or less energy, and obviously expecting the imminence of war. It is not edifying, but it is very human. On the whole, it might have been better if some other potentate had started the Conference on Peace. The Sovereign of some State of guaranteed neutrality, like Belgium or the Netherlands, might fairly propose disarmament which could not affect him or herself, or some notoriously helpless State like China might suggest permanent peace without any *arrière-pensée*, real or suspected. But Russia has established a historical record for making conquests in time of peace from States with which she has not been at war. Poland was first partitioned during a civil war of her own, but was not at war with Russia—indeed, she was incapable of taking any action so definite as going to war. For the second partition there was not even this excuse. The Crimea was seized in time of peace. We know what has happened at Port Arthur and elsewhere lately. Russia has, time after time, shown that peace is more acquisitive than war.

The discovery is nothing new. Louis XIV. practised it with great success. He claimed convenient districts near his own dominions on various legal pretexts; he set up Courts which adjudged these districts to him, and then he carried out his own sentence and occupied the desired territories. This was peace as he understood it. It differed from war by the fact that it cost much less, and its annexations were made by the threat of violence, without actual fighting. When the European Powers plucked up spirit to resist, war came.

It is natural that the Russian semi-official Press—and unless a paper is semi-official in Russia, it does not get into type—should hold that a state of things so advantageous to Russia ought to continue—

Let horrid wars and fightings cease
On earth from Pole to Pole,
And every nation keep the peace,
While Russia grabs the whole.

So some Russian journalists are highly offended with England for her "brutal" assertion of might against the "right" of France at Fashoda; and point out that, in spite of the pacific tendencies of Holy Russia, such wanton violence must be repressed by force. It does not matter particularly to these precious scribes that, a few years ago, the French denied their own claim, and asserted the right of Egypt to the very lands which they now claim to be *res nullius*. Egypt also has, of course, no rights that Russia is called upon to recognise. Nor does it matter, apparently, that no actual threat of war was made by England, nor would persistence in keeping Marchand at Fashoda have led to his forcible expulsion. Further, it is almost certain that that post was evacuated because in itself it was valueless.

Again, an average Briton may say, in his brutal way, that if force must be used to repel the violent and illegal proceedings of Great Britain, there seems no special obstacle to taking that course at once. "Force must repress force," says the Russian; "England is the danger of the world," says the Frenchman. Both agree that Albion is a nuisance to be abated. Then why don't they do it? Right is on their side—they say. In wealth they are not far behind, in naval force formidable, in military strength enormously superior. And there is no doubt that, if Russia had promised support to France in any war resulting from Fashoda, France would have stood firm. But each partner to the Dual Alliance wants the other to pull out the chestnuts, and the chestnuts remain in the ashes.

There is something rather childish in the prophecies of the French journals. We have humiliated France, it appears, by requesting a handful of explorers to retire from a swamp; and we are to be rewarded by forfeiting her valuable friendship and incurring her quenchless and eternal enmity. With memories of Egypt, Tunis, Madagascar, Siam, and Newfoundland in our minds, we may be permitted the remark that, if French hatred is not more demonstrative in the future than French friendship has been in the past, it need not worry us much. Germany was the enemy; now England is to take her place. Well, Germany thrived pretty well under the treatment; perhaps we shall do no worse. Then we are to have such trouble with Russia, Abyssinia, even Germany—or anybody, indeed, except France. For nothing is more striking than the well-nigh unanimous utterance of French organs of public opinion, that war with England would mean disaster. So, too, Russian journals point out the awful things that France will do to us.

But the spectacle of Russia as the champion of public right against might has a beauty impossible to exaggerate. The scrupulous respect for treaties shown at Batoum and elsewhere, the sensitiveness to the rights of the weaker displayed at Port Arthur and elsewhere, are qualities that hypocritical Britons cannot hope to imitate. But it grieves us to be told that so saintly a Power must depart from her traditions so far as to use force even against the reckless violence of Lord Salisbury.

Guileless Muscovites, reconsider your resolution. Think of your glorious traditions. Do not use force; stick to fraud. MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Walter Armstrong's "Gainsborough and His Place in English Art" (London: Heinemann) is a stupendous work with a thousand points of significance. Not only is the book a monumental contribution towards the right understanding of the many things of masterly accomplishment which Gainsborough achieved in his art, but it is also the gage thrown down by Mr. Armstrong to challenge critics at all points upon the subject of his own critical beliefs. "Why," cries Mr. Armstrong, "why is 'Othello' the æsthetic masterpiece of Shakspeare? Is it not simply because the resonance of its lines, the sequence, mass, and colour of its scenes, the very pace at which the action moves, are as expressive of the dreadful passion of jealousy as the Funeral March of Chopin is of the passion of regret?"

Mr. Armstrong propounds a difficult question indeed. Why is "Othello" the æsthetic masterpiece of Shakspeare? Why, indeed, and again why? You answer incontinently—but is it? And is the Funeral March of Chopin "expressive of the passion of regret," as "Othello" is expressive of the passion of jealousy? I trow not. Chopin bewailed the dead with most elegant tears and with a delicately perfumed, lace-bordered handkerchief. If Mr. Armstrong really wishes to know where the real passion of regret lies in music, he must search for deeper depths: let him look into the last movement of Tschaiikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony"—Tschaiikowsky, the Velasquez of music. . . . But this is to digress.

But perhaps it is this preference for Chopin's delightfully nervous shivering over the sad mystery of death which makes Mr. Armstrong move so strongly in favour of Gainsborough's pre-eminent claims. "A picture is colour," says he with indisputable truth, "a picture is light and shadow, a picture is tone—and so upon tone, colour, and chiaroscuro Rembrandt concentrates his power. Art reaches the human brain through the senses, and so to

the senses he appeals with all the stupendous vigour which is in him. To the true painter, to the man who rejoices in the miraculous depth and scope of the material in which he works, Rembrandt must always tower far above Raphael." That is all well and good; but mark Mr. Armstrong's strange conclusion: "and for similar reasons the subject of the following biography must, I think, in time take an undisputed place as the greatest painter of the eighteenth century."



MRS. SIDDONS.

Well, if Mr. Armstrong likes to take that view, it would be simply otiose to dispute the matter with him in a casual column as this; and certainly there cannot be the smallest doubt that he has produced an extremely fine and even stupendous memorial of this magnificent master. Mr. Armstrong, however, never for a moment loses the courage of his opinions. "Sweeping assertions," he observes, "are risky." And no doubt they are, but he proceeds to make as sweeping an assertion as you shall meet in a summer's day: "I do not think there is much danger in declaring the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Hallett, now christened more conveniently 'The Morning Walk,' to be the finest picture painted in the eighteenth century." There's a sweeping assertion for you. And if you glance a few lines farther down, you reach another as all-embracing: "The painter who can wed concentration to the finest technique on a canvas eight feet by six is not to be measured with those whose powers are but equal to as many inches." Again, I say, if Mr. Armstrong likes to take these views, it would be idle to dispute with him; but one must cordially agree that "sweeping assertions are risky."

When all is said, however, in controversy that can be said, Gainsborough himself is honoured by such a work as this. Reproduced from it here-with are two famous pictures—"Mrs. Siddons," of National Gallery fame, with its wonderful blacks and blues, and "The Painter's Daughters." Indeed, all the illustrations in this noble volume are beautifully wrought.



THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTERS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY CECIL CLARE.

CHAPTER I.

Many men have tasted Hell some moments of their lives—a Hell of their own making, perhaps; but I, oh God! I have been in the Hell of the damned.

I cannot remember my father or my mother, oh, wretched that I am! Had I either to love one whom no man loves? No, I cannot remember. My memory goes back three months—no farther. Every day I live those three months over and over again.

I had too much money when I came of age, for I knew not how to use it. I threw it here and there, ever indulging in my own pleasure. Playing in the world till the dust of it rose up and clouded my eyes—till the hand of innocence I held in mine was changed for the hand of sin.

Playing in a world that I was sent to work in, I forgot I had a soul, or that there was a God who had given it to me. I played until my selfish indulgences brought upon me the sickness of death. And then my three months of Hell commenced. Unloved, unfriended, I tossed upon my bed, blaspheming a God I did not believe in, swearing I would not die. Shrieking in my terror of that Hell, I felt myself approaching a Hell I had so often scoffed at. I heard my screams re-echo through the empty house, unreplicated, making my desolation complete. Then I lay still, gasping on my bed; so would my prayers soar up to Heaven, I thought, unanswered, unheard. But stay! a step on the stairs—nearer, nearer; the door has opened, and a man stands upon the threshold. Oh, eyes that beamed peace and love, you saved me from Heaven's vengeance for the moment—at what a cost! He came forward into the room when he saw me, and I thought for an instant it was an angel sent to comfort me in my misery.

"I heard you call," he said; "and, fearing you were ill, I entered. I am your neighbour, my latch-key fits your door. You must pardon my coming, but, thinking you were ill—and alone—"

"I am alone," I said; "alone, alone, deserted alike by God and man. Body and soul I am alone, and sick unto death."

"Despair not, my friend," said he. "I will attend you; you are sick, and morbid from being left alone. Rouse yourself, and I will try and help."

"Help me? No man can help me; I have helped no man. Unless you can give me another life to live, with the knowledge I have of this."

"My dear friend, God alone can do that," his voice went on soothingly; "but you are truly sorry for your past?"

"Man," I cried, "there are no such things as death-bed repentances. Death is ever beside us, a yawning precipice; as we walk along its edge we *know* that it is there. We look at the sky above it, at the flowers by its brink, but we never look at it; we turn our heads away, but we know that it is there. We feel the chill of it in the heat of the sun. We see its shadow on the petals of the flowers. We know that a false step, a stumble, and we are gone, plunged into Eternity in a moment. We say that sometime this path must come to an end, as we but follow it to our extermination; and when we see before us the black doors of death, *then* will we lay aside our flowers, and still our songs and laughter. And Heaven will pity our prayers and sighs. Talk not to me of such repentances; I believe them not, nor you nor any man."

"You are very ill," the stranger said, as I raved on.

"I will not die, I must live, though Heaven itself has shut its gates upon me. Hell—if such is my destination—must give me a year of life. I say, I will not die!" A strange strength seemed to flow through my veins. I raised myself on my elbow. The stranger was standing at my bedside, looking with divine pity at my convulsed face.

"You," I said—Oh, the horror of it!—"You must die, you with your life of purity behind you; death should have no fears for you. The gates of Heaven are open for you; give me your body, your life, and let me live."

"Friend," he said, as though humouring me, "I cannot die; I have a mother who is old and requires my care, and a child, a darling little child."

"You must die!" I cried again. "I will care for your mother and child. You must die and let me live—I say, I will not die!"

"You are very ill," was all he said, laying his hand upon my brow. And then, I know not how it came to pass, whether my cry to Heaven or Hell had been answered, or whether it was by some great effort of my will, *but I stood by the bed, looking down at my own sleeping body.* I dashed across the room to the glass. Yes, it was the stranger it reflected back—yes, the same high forehead, with fair, wavy hair, the same large, dreamy eyes; but his soul, ah! his soul lay sleeping in that motionless form upon the bed. I turned and left the haunted room, living, living, living!

CHAPTER II.

Living, living—oh, the joy of it! I had died and was born again. How it came about, what cared I? "Who," I thought, as I bounded down the stairs, "so fortunate as I?" What man or woman thinking over the past has not said—"Oh, could I but live my life over again, I would not do this thing or that?" And I, with my evil past laid out before me, could live it again, casting out the weeds and cultivating the trodden flowers; with nothing to hinder me, not even the sensual body that lay upstairs, a prison-house for the spirit of that good man whose body I was inhabiting and whose life I proposed to live.

I closed the door of my own house and went up the pretty garden to the next; as I did so, I heard the patter of little feet and a childish voice calling, "Here's papa! Here's papa!"

I opened the door and took the little darling into my arms. Never had I felt such happiness as when the innocent parted lips met mine and the soft baby-arms went round my neck. I stood still to take in the joy of it, but the child drew back in my arms, and for a moment she sat quite still, and then she struggled until I had to let her down.

"It's not my papa!" she sobbed, running into the little sitting-room; "Oh, gran'ma, 'tis not my own papa!"

Mechanically, I hung my hat upon the rack in the hall and followed the child. The room was small, but very bright and cosy; an old lady was seated in an arm-chair before the blazing fire; one withered hand was laid caressingly upon the golden head of the little girl, the other shaded her eyes as she anxiously watched the door. When I entered, she smiled and turned to the weeping child.

"Why, what ailed you, darling? Look, Rosy, it is your own papa."

Rosy looked up through her tears, and, seeing me standing in the full glare of the lamp and fire, ran to me again. I sat down in a low chair opposite the old woman, and the little child climbed on to my knees.

"It's my dood papa," she said, laying her wet cheek against mine.

For an hour I sat thus, tasting for the first time the joy of a home, and listening to the old woman as she told me tales of her son's youth—my youth now.

For some time she rambled on, in the fashion of the old, and at last for very joy I laughed aloud, waking the child, who had fallen asleep in my arms.

"Will you take her up to bed, Gilbert?" said her grandmother. "She sat up for you that you might put her to sleep to-night."

I raised the child in my arms, the pretty little babe with her soft curls falling across her face, and she laid her drowsy head upon my shoulder. I pressed her with joy to my breast as I turned up the narrow, dark stairs; at my movement she sat up suddenly and pushed me from her with both her tiny hands. Oh, wonderful instinct of the child that in the light beheld her father, but in darkness knew me for a stranger!

"You're not my papa! Oh, I want papa!"

"Hush, hush!" I whispered; "I am your papa."

"You're not, you're not!" and she beat upon my breast with both her tiny fists.

"Give me my own papa, you bad, bad man!"

Then a great fury seized me, and I held her over the banisters.

"Call me your father, or I let you go."

"No, no; I want my own papa!"

"Call me your father, or I let you go."

"I want my dood papa!"

I did not mean it, Heaven knows I did not mean it, but my fingers loosed their hold. I shook the little hands from their terrified grasp upon my coat. The hall echoed the screams of a child and a sickening thud on the flags beneath. A terrible laugh followed, a laugh that might have come from the lowest pits of Hell. Was it I who uttered it? I looked into the hall beneath me. A trembling old woman knelt there, and, at her side, a servant with a lighted candle; but their white faces were not turned to the motionless body at their feet, but towards me, unspeaking, as though they were frozen by some terrible sight or sound. Had a devil entered into my body during the time my own spirit was passing from it, a devil who, making me work its will, thus laughed in its hideous triumph. Surely devils were many round my bed when I lay dying. Its power had left me now, and I went, in bitter remorse, to the little child.

"She slipped from my arms," I whispered. "She slipped, mother."

She answered me nothing; but, as I raised the senseless babe, the servant sobbed, "Oh, Master Gilbert, we thought the shock had sent you mad!"

I laid the child upon the sofa, while the girl ran for a doctor. I stood as though stunned until he came, watching him then, in a dream, as he examined the soft limbs of the poor babe, and he shook his head as he arose.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that if she lives she will be a cripple all her life."

"Tell my mother," I whispered. I was not the one to tell her this.

"I am sorry," he said; "I am very sorry, Madam."

"Hush!" the old woman answered; "hush! You will waken her."

"She may never waken," he whispered. "Bear up, dear Madam."

"Hush!" the old woman said again, touching the golden curls that were stained with blood. "Hush! The fairies have come to her and laid red poppies in her hair."

And thus had I fulfilled my trust to care for his mother and child—one a cripple or dead, the other a muttering idiot.

I had launched my new life, and the waters that bore it were red human blood; but who or what was the dread pilot that guided it?

CHAPTER III.

I stole out into the dimly lighted street. Of what use was I at home?

The little child still lingered. The old woman was still happy in her ignorance, babbling of fairies and red poppies. My hands were the fairies that had laid those terrible flowers on her babe's fair head, the sleep-giving poppies on her eyes.

The paper-boys were shouting in my ears as I passed, but I paid no attention to them. Their "terrible tragedies" could not equal mine; their cries of "Murder!" woke no horror in my heart; they cried aloud

only the word that echoed there. I dared not think of that imprisoned soul that lay as dead in my room—the only one who sought me out in my hour of death's despair. My terrible cries, that frightened the very servant from my house, but hastened his feet to my side; and now he slept, a thin wall between him and the reward I had given him—a ruined home.

Oh, how could I hear the city noises and a thousand cries within my breast—a thousand little hands beating upon my heart, "Give back! give back!"

And so I strode through the damp fog, caring not, thinking not where I was going. At last a bright light flashed in my eyes, and I started as though awaking. Before me was a lighted doorway, and above it, in the light of the lamp, hung a board, and upon it in red letters the word "Billiards." The place was a gambling-hell. I had known it but too well in the old days. I gazed about, half-hearing someone speaking, and saw a young man before me, his face flushed and his eyelids drooping.

"I could not help it, Graham; indeed I could not! I tried to keep away for my promise to you and for my mother's sake."

For his promise to me! I almost laughed aloud. Yes, I knew that boyish, effeminate face. It had been often opposite me at the gambling-table inside. I had seen it grow white and tortured as the

I took his arm, and we passed inside. No one took any notice of me when we entered, but they all gathered around my companion.

"Why, Varen, we thought you were going to leave us?"

"Did you hear of the discovery in Harrington Street last night? Poor Bulger! You remember Bulger, don't you? You lost a cool hundred to him one night here over the cards, eh? Got a cataleptic fit, they say; very interesting case. Went home in a most distressing state of mind the other night, commenced shouting like the devil, frightened the servant out of her wits and out of the house—says she hid in a doorway till dawn, afraid to go back; then she screwed up her courage and stole to the house; finding no answer to her knocks, and being unable to open the door, became alarmed and started for the police station, and returned with some of the force. One got into the house by a low window and opened the door to the rest; they found poor Bulger lying on his bed as, they thought, dead as a herring, but the doctors say 'tis a most interesting case of catalepsy."

I listened without speaking. "What a queer old world it is!" I thought; "we must have a name for everything, no matter how wonderful, or where would our doctors and men of science be? Nothing is left to the God who designed the whole. Our beliefs are superstitions, we laugh them away; we would explain the very law of life itself."



"THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN"—A NEW YORK BURLESQUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

game went on. I had made its hairless lips grow sweet in a smile, or quiver pathetically like a girl's, by the turn of my hand; I had lured him on night after night with a hope I held between my fingers. His promise to me! I had forgotten. Something evil was rising in my heart. I felt it would claim my lips if I did not speak. I seized his arm.

"Go home," I said; "heed not what I may say to you after this, heed not what I may seem to you. The most beautiful statue is but hollow and moulded in common clay. The tiger's claws are soft as a lady's cheek, but they will tear you to pieces if you trust them. The moth sees the candle's flame, and, thinking it fair, he dies. I am not as you think—"

"I do not know what you mean, Graham. If you mean that this den has any fairness for me, it is not so, unless it be the fascination of the bird to the serpent's eye."

"Leave me!" I cried despairingly, for devils' words were rising to my lips, and, as he did not heed me, I turned and spoke them.

"Come in with me," I said, and laughed. "Come in with me, and I shall see fair play."

"With you!" He started. "With you, Graham; you who have preached of its dangers to me and its temptations and wickedness; you to whom I looked to save me from where it will lead me?—Oh, Graham! I could laugh, 'tis so absurd!"

"I'll see fair play," I said again. "Besides, you could not break yourself of the habit so easily and abruptly—I will wean you from it by degrees."

A hand was laid upon my arm.

"Play a game of cards, Graham? The fellows are asking me."

"No, no, this is no place for you—for me; come out of it quickly!" But the men surrounded us.

"You are not going yet; just one game, then?"

Fool that I was, I complied, and took my seat at the table. They thought I was a "green one," as was evident from their surprised looks when I swept up their little pile of silver at the end of the first game.

"You would think it was old Bulger himself," I heard one say; "he seems to have his accursed luck."

One game led to another; my companion's face grew pale; some demon arose within me, and I took a pleasure in its paleness.

Why is it that innocence attracts the guilty so? Behind the bar connected with this billiard-room there was a young girl serving. I had heard men make rude jests that brought the colour to her cheeks; she would hang her head if they called her endearing names, and the angry tears would spring to her eyes; she would shake off their hands with passion. For this girl they would leave their billiards and their cards to watch the red and white fly to her cheeks; but now, when they speak to her, she answers their jests with similar ones, she answers their calls with a simper; she courts their caresses and their company; she is no longer attractive to them—she is one of themselves.

Why did I not pick out my prey among those evil, coarse faces? Why did I seek to destroy the one exception? I know not; life preys upon that which is weaker than itself, not upon that which is its equal.

I swept pile after pile of silver into my pockets, Varen's white face growing whiter and whiter. At last he started to his feet—

"I'm cleared out—I have only a shilling left; I'm going home."

"Put it down," I said to him. "Why, man, you may win a pile on it yet. Finish this round, anyway."

Sullenly he sat down again and took up his cards.

I let him win game after game, and when he rose to depart he had won back a third of his losses.

"I'll come again to-morrow night and win the rest," he said with a smile.

Why follow the downfall of that young life? Night after night we met in the same place, I hastening away from the ceaseless crying of a little, suffering child calling for the father I had robbed her of, he from the complaints of a broken-hearted mother powerless to draw her only son from the snare I had set for him. Night after night I robbed him of his earnings, leaving him to win back a third, to lure him with a hope, never to be fulfilled, that the next night he might win a fortune.

Paler each night grew the young face, shabbier the clothes, thinner the hands that grasped the cards so eagerly. Now he spoke no word of greeting to me; only his eyes revealed his thoughts; therein I could see the light of hope gleam faintly each night, fading, fading, to give place to despair, returning again as the closing hours approached and the waiter's voice warned us it was time to stop.

One night, Varen came hastily in, staggering as though he were drunk. Flinging himself down in a chair, he took his cards. There was no hope in his eyes to-night; I saw only terrible anguish and despair. On one sleeve of his shabby coat was a broad band of crape.

He played wildly—and won. I had slain my devil; he won again; I was glad. I saw his silver flow back to him; I was happy for the first time in many a weary hour. "I shall no longer be his curse," I thought; "through me he shall win back his fortune, his mother's blessing, his lost youth. I shall restore all."

A cry recalled me. I had been dreaming. I gazed around bewildered; the candles were sputtering in their sockets, and on the side of one was a great roll of wax. It was turned towards Varen—I had heard old wives call it a winding-sheet. The dust of the day lay white on the sideboard and table, disturbed only where the cards fell and by the track of our fingers. The dawn was creeping through the half-closed shutters of the window, making our faces grey and ghastly in the two lights.

Young Varen was staring at me with mad eyes, and on the table at my side lay a heap of silver. It was I who had been winning.

Varen leaned across the table and gazed into my face.

"Are you a man," he said, "or are you a devil?"

I did not answer, but that terrible thing within me broke into a laugh. The men beside me started in horror as the sound came forth and echoed round the room as though a demon were in each corner to repeat it.

Varen's hand went to his breast.

"Devil in the shape of a man," he said, "your work is done! Cruellest of enemies in the guise of a friend! You won my trust and led me to this. What is pure, since you I believed so pure are as you are? What is the reward of love, since you I have loved reward me so? Through your aid I was fighting the old life from me, and rising to honour and esteem, to the knowledge of a mother's proud heart. And through your aid I fell to meanness and dishonour, to see a mother robbed of her necessities, and worse—to lose her son's love and care, and to die broken-hearted alone. Your hand had saved me from the precipice of Hell, and your hand it is that flings me into its hottest fire. Finish, then, your devil's work, for I dare not!"

He drew a pistol from his breast and handed it to me. I felt the cold steel in my hand, and saw the horrified looks of the men around us—they seemed powerless to cry out or interrupt us; before me the ghastly face of young Varen. A wild rage rose up in my heart; I panted like a mad dog, and foam fell from my mouth. I tried to pray, but could not.

A pistol-shot rang through the room, and the white face before me vanished. There was hot blood upon my hands; a terror seized me—what had I done? Hands were upon my shoulders, but I escaped them. I flew down the creaking stairs. People were shouting. Footsteps were following me. I flung wide the door and flew wildly, blindly, down the street. Feet were repeating the echo of mine. People were calling "Murder! murder!" Windows were flung open, men joined in the chase. People were calling "Murder!"—and my hands were red with blood. Ha! the well-known door—it was my own; his latch-key opened it. I let myself in and flew upstairs; there was a light in my old room; a nurse sat nodding over the fire. I saw my old form lying motionless upon the bed. I sprang to its side. Voices were calling at the hall-door—men were breaking it in. They had tracked me.

I seized the hand that lay upon the counterpane; a shudder ran through it. Steps were at the door, "Murder!" ran through the house. There was a moment of nothingness, and I awoke.

It was all a terrible dream; I lay upon my own bed. The kind neighbour, hearing my cry, had called in to see if I needed anything; he was looking down with pity in his eyes, his hands cooling mine—he had dipped them in water. No! it was blood, BLOOD! and the room rang with the cries of "MURDERER!" I started up; they were putting manacles on his wrists. He was stunned, he knew not what to say; he answered not their insinuations, but passed his manacled hands now and again across his eyes like a man who had long been sleeping.

A terrible laugh sounded round the room; it seemed to float through the doorway, and we heard it echo down the house, fading away into stillness. I tried to rise and speak, but fell back unconscious.

CHAPTER IV.

I awoke to misery and despair. Lying still a moment, to gather my thoughts together, I heard some persons talking at the head of my bed. It was the nurse and a couple of men, doctors I soon knew them to be. They were talking excitedly, but in subdued voices; I heard every word distinctly, "Graham is to be hanged for the murder of young Varen." I started up, gazing at them in agony.

"He did not do it. I, and I alone, am guilty!"

They had started back as I moved, in astonishment; but when I spoke, they came beside me, trying to soothe me and make me lie down and rest again. To rest! Oh, Heaven, there was no more rest for me in this world!

I told them I would explain, but they would not let me speak. I heard them whisper of my most extraordinary case. They thought I had gained consciousness while they were speaking of Graham, and, hearing their words at that critical moment, took the idea into my head that I had committed the crime.

"Let me go," I moaned; "let me go."

But they held me down, in their cruel kindness, till I had to do their bidding from very weakness.

But when the night came on, and when the old nurse was nodding in her chair, I arose in the darkness and went from the house. Up and down the streets I wandered till dawn grew grey, but no dawn arose in my heart, only black night for ever. Through the streets, never stopping, I walked till the sun grew hot and bright, and people crowded out into the pathways. I bought a paper from a news-vendor, and read the trial of Gilbert Graham. It was nearly over; all the evidence was against him. He had nothing to say for himself; once he spoke to ask if he might see his little child, and he was told she was dead. They said he seemed stunned, or as though in a dream. I read no more.

When the Court was opened, and the trial came on again, I hid myself among the crowd that attended it. I saw the prisoner at the bar; he was not pale; a colour tinged his cheeks. He seemed as if he were asleep. I do not think he heard anything of what was going on. Witness after witness came to condemn him. I could not bear it. I put myself forward as a witness for the defence. They allowed me into the box. I tried to tell my story, but they would not listen to me; some laughed, some pitied me, but they would not let me speak.

"Will you not hear me?" I cried. "You cannot understand, but do not laugh; there are so many things men know nothing of, but do not scorn them because you do not understand them. Can you know what gives life to the smallest insect living on this earth? Can you explore a step beyond the grave? You cannot. I alone am guilty of this murder; by my own act, or by the act of Heaven or Hell, I know not."

A gentleman rose in the Court; he sent a message to the Judge, whispered to a constable, and I was dragged out. I heard a murmur of excited voices and a whisper—

"Tis that poor fellow Bulger; they say his brain is turned since he had his cataleptic attack."

I was forced along by my doctor, his arm linked in mine. Calling a cab, he put me inside and was about to follow, when a friend of his came up and spoke to him.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I thought I'd find him there. He awoke to consciousness just as Dr. Gill and myself were speaking of young Varen's death, and he seemed to get it into his head that he was the murderer. He escaped from the house last night, but, from his ravings, I thought it probable I should find him at Court to-day."

I heard no more. Silently opening the door farthest from the speaker, I slipped out, and in the dusk of the evening made my escape.

How the night passed I know not, but, when the light came, I had but one thought: to seek out Graham and beg his forgiveness. Again I bought a morning paper, and read the finish of the trial. Graham was condemned to death.

I, after a day's wandering, or maybe more—I knew nothing of time in those blank hours—I found out the prison where he lay awaiting his doom, and craved admittance, saying I was a particular friend—a friend!

They let me see him for a moment, but he did not know me. He smiled sadly when I asked his forgiveness; even he would not believe me.

"I do not understand it all," he said, laying his head on his hand wearily; "I cannot think, I cannot feel, these last few days"; and then he raised his head and gazed at me eagerly—"Do you know anything of my mother?"

I did not know of her, and turned away my face.

"I had a child!" he cried. "Oh, tell me of my little child!"

"Do you not remember?—she is dead," I told him, weeping.

He leaned his head upon his hand again: "I had forgotten."

He spoke no more to me, and I was taken out of the place. "He will forgive me to-morrow," I said.

But, hidden away in a low lodging-house, I was too ill to stir for many days; then early one morning I found myself at the prison door again; it opened for me readily, and when it closed I found myself confronted by my doctor and some of his friends.

"I thought our patient would turn up sooner or later," he said. "How fortunate you should choose the time when we are here!"

"I will go anywhere you will if you but let me see him once again," I cried; "only once, till he forgives me. Let me go! I must!" I cried, fighting them. "I cannot live unless I get his pardon."

"You cannot see him," they said.

"But I will—I must!"

"You cannot. He was hanged this morning at seven."

THE FANCY-DRESS BALLS.

The theatres are closed. The last Underground trains have departed to the shed whither all trains, fast and slow, descend. The tired horses are dragging the last 'buses to their appointed destination. The lights in the Strand are dropping out one by one, leaving the mud without the gaudy reflection that so much pleases Mr. W. E. Henley. The drunkard and the reveller, trusting themselves to Providence, are feeling their way across two or three Thames bridges; and soon, in Wordsworth's phrase, the very houses will seem asleep. But not altogether will that mighty heart of London on this particular night be lying still. Away up in Bow Street, when all the other lights in the neighbourhood are darkening, the lamps of Covent Garden at this midnight hour are just beginning to twinkle. Cabs, furtive at first and infrequent, now begin to drive up in shoals, and from their recesses spring curiously attired ladies and gentlemen, some sparkling, some sombre, some brilliant, some grave and resolute. For this is the opening hour of the Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball, which Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth have done so much in the last two or three years to popularise. You take your stand, let me say, in the *atrium* of the theatre, where palms are waving, and where exotic flowers are massed together with a wonderfully brilliant effect. Then you watch. Here comes the inevitable Mephisto, with his red tights and his coxcomb, repeating for you the mystery of how such a tradition ever possibly grew up to represent so eminent a person as the devil. Here comes the Sirdar, here come the Three Musketeers, here comes the Sleeping Beauty—very



MR. STANFORD AS "OUR UNIVERSAL KITCHENER."

wide-awake—here comes your gay 21st Lancer, here comes your *Referee*, shining in yellow and green, with a girdle of mustard and cress; here comes, in a word, every up-to-date young person in this most up-to-date of all possible worlds. The throng has passed within, and you follow. You are in the deserts of Africa, encompassed between the walls of a gay theatre. Khartoum is by your side, and at your feet lies the parquet floor inviting you to the mazy. The curious psychological fact that at the beginning of any gregarious function both men and women behave stiffly, and with marked distance between each other, is once more proved. It is also proved that, as the hours speed by, that distance becomes less and less, until at the end the unanimity is complete. The gong sounds; all the dances which have been untiringly carried through are suspended, and the solemn "march past" begins. Round come all the heroes of all the campaigns that ever were, round swing the figures of old romance, round travel the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, all the wild men of all the woods, ladies glistening with electric-light, shining in tinsel, radiant in cut-glass. Then comes the prize-giving, and, in the coruscation of that sublime event, the ball shudders out as the pale dawn comes creeping up the Eastern skies. . . . When I began these few praises of the Covent

Garden balls, I thought that only one model was worthy of imitation—the antique style known as "Telegraphese." My success may be slight in the mimicry, but Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth deserve a far richer tribute for the celebration of their enterprise. V. B.



MISS DOROTHY MILNE AS "A SECOND BALACLAVA"



MISS DORA LANGROYD AS "FIREWORKS."

From Photographs by Langflet, Glasgow.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Long after plays have ceased to run in town, they perambulate the provinces. Thus, Miss Hettie Chattell, who used to be at the Princess's, is appearing as Captain Rattler (Miss Florence Lloyd's original part) in "The J.P.," while Miss Hilda Trevelyan plays Miss Emery's part of Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," on tour.



MISS HETTIE CHATTELL AS CAPTAIN RATTLER
IN "THE J.P."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

It is by no means generally known that this pantomime was the work of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and that on one occasion, when the elder Grimaldi was unavoidably absent, his part of Friday was taken by the immortal author of "The School for Scandal." This production is otherwise noteworthy as the first stage-treatment of Defoe's narrative. It was played in four acts, like an ordinary drama (Mr. Arthur Collins, please note), and the scenery was painted by a full-blown R.A.—the gifted Philip de Louthembourg.

Apropos of Halévy's opera, the "Mousquetaires de la Reine," revived the other day at the Variétés in Paris, a curious story is related. The composer had been terribly discouraged by a succession of failures, and had placed his last hopes on the new opera turning out a success. In order to avoid any risk of the critics accusing him of borrowing the ideas of other people, he had carefully pruned away every chord that seemed to him likely to suggest a reminiscence. The rehearsals went off splendidly. Everyone foretold a great triumph for the author. Leaving the theatre one afternoon at the close of a rehearsal, Halévy's attention was suddenly absorbed by hearing a workman whistling a familiar air just behind him. Great heavens! The tune was identical with one of the principal airs in the "Mousquetaires"! Was it possible that he had unconsciously borrowed the melody? The perspiration broke out on his face at the very notion. "What is that tune you are whistling?" he said in constrained tones to the workman. "Astonishes you, does it?" was the answer. "There are not many people in Paris who could whistle it, I can tell you." "Why?" "Why, because it is out of the new opera



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS LADY BABBIE IN
"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.

that is being rehearsed just now at the Opéra Comique." The composer breathed again. He could have fallen on the man's neck. "How is it you know it?" "Oh, I am a carpenter, and yesterday I was doing a job in the theatre while it was being sung." "Confound it!" reflected Halévy; "I never thought a melody could get spread so easily as that." "Look here, my friend, I'll give you a louis if you will give me your word not to whistle it any more; I am the author of it." The man gave the promise with alacrity, saying as he did so, "I could have more rightly understood the business if you had given me a louis to whistle it from morning to night."

That accomplished young actress Miss Madge McIntosh, concerning whose plucky theatrical experiment in Brussels a good deal was said in these columns, has gone out to America as a member of Miss Olga Nethersole's company. She is accompanied by her new-found husband, Mr. Graham Browne, another aspiring young player, who has lately been the Donalbain in the Lyceum "Macbeth." The bridegroom received a presentation from Mr. Forbes Robertson before his departure. Two of Miss Madge McIntosh's best performances have been in Mr. A. W. Gattie's "The Honourable Member" and Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs's "A Blind Singer."

Miss Ethel Robinson, the now well-known concert agent, was the first woman, I believe, to undertake the management and direction of public concerts and recitals. Perhaps the most interesting of Miss Robinson's work in the coming autumn and winter musical season will be her management of a series of lectures on Brahms, to be given in the late Sir Frederick Leighton's house by Mr. A. J. Fuller Maitland, and fully illustrated, and also a series of lectures and recitals by M. Victor Maurel in the Steinway Hall, as well as her work with the People's Sunday Concerts. This Society, which has been in existence for some twenty years, has had Miss Robinson for its secretary for the last seven years. Indeed, it was her success in this work which first led her, by the advice of her friends, to launch herself on broader seas. Miss Robinson was born in Grahamstown, South Africa, and lived near Cape Town for many years, so that her education was chiefly colonial. About eight years ago the heavy financial losses of her family made it necessary for her to earn her own living, and she at once took up secretarial work, and, being constantly asked to organise private entertainments, she saw what might be done in that direction, and eighteen months ago started her present concert direction.



MISS ETHEL ROBINSON.

Photo by Godfrey Martyn, Southwold.

New Yorkers are becoming very excited, and the Yellow Journals very vulgar, over "Cyrano de Bergerac" and his overrated nose. Nobody has recalled the fact that Norman Macleod wrote (during a violent attack of toothache) a ballad of a nose in robust Scots. Here are some of the verses—

O! if ye're at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye're there,
And see a sicht baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer! . . .
It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
The nose o' Captain Frazer! . . .
Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear naeicht if ships are no' at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer! . . .
If that great nose is ever deid,
To bury it ye dinna need;
Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
Could haud the nose o' Frazer!
But let it stan' itsel', alane,
Ere't, like some big Druid stane,
That a' the world may see its bane,
In memory o' Frazer!

Among a quantity of old and faded manuscripts (writes a correspondent), I have come across the original of a whimsical letter written by Garrick of holy memory to an individual, Hopkins by name, who appears to have been at that time prompter at Drury Lane—

I tell you, Hopkins (Garrick writes from Southampton Street), I tell you the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre, for, in the first place, he cannot make even a reasonable moon. I would not give threepence a dozen for such moons as he showed me this day, and his suns are, if possible, worse. Then, though I gave him exact directions about the clouds, such d—d clouds as he has created for me were never seen since the Flood. Kindly desire the carpenter to knock the fellow's rainbow to pieces, for it is worse than execrable. The only things tolerable are his stars. Of course, I make no doubt of his honesty; but, until he can make me at least a lifelike sun and moon and rainbow, I must dispense with his further services. D. GARRICK.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 23, 4.58; Thursday, 4.58; Friday, 4.57; Saturday, 4.56; Sunday, 4.55; Monday, 4.54; Tuesday, 4.53.

The Protean gear appears to be gaining popularity very steadily. Two years ago the sight of a machine so geared generally caused pedestrians and others to stare in wonderment; but now they pay little or no attention when a Protean-gear machine spins along Pall Mall or Piccadilly, though, of course, in out-of-the-way parts of England the device is still looked upon as a novelty and a curiosity, and, as such, regarded with suspicion. In any crowded town, but especially in London, the Protean must obviously prove a boon and a blessing, but I confess that I cannot see in what way it possesses advantages over a machine geared in the ordinary way if the rider cycles solely in the country.

An extraordinarily large crowd was present in Northumberland Avenue last week upon the occasion of the Motor-Car Meet. I was fortunate in being asked to travel all the way to Sheen House on one of the cars which was first to "break away," and an extremely pleasant run we had, for all went well and smoothly—at any rate, so far as our own car was concerned. I believe, however, that there were few mishaps at all, though between sixty and seventy cars took part in the run. I hear upon all sides that, as I stated last week, the motor-car is to be next season's fashionable fad in what are termed smart circles. Certainly many of Society's fads have been less interesting than this one promises to be, and probably the "motor craze" will in reality mark the opening of the era of the new locomotion.

The *St. James's Gazette* is wrong in supposing that "cycling at sea by a lady" is an absolute novelty. Three years ago I journeyed by steamboat along the coast of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Milwaukee, and, the water being calm, several ladies amused themselves by cycling round and round the promenade deck of the admirably appointed vessel. In answer to this statement, it may be asserted that a lake is not a sea; but when you remember that the whole of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland would fit into Lake Michigan as comfortably as an egg fits its shell, the hard-and-fast distinction can hardly be said to hold good. In the Straits of Formosa, too, I have seen ladies cycling on the deck of a steamer, and in various other parts of the world the practice is, I believe, a common one.

Very frequently I receive letters from cyclists anxious to know for certain which sort of saddle is absolutely the best. Not having tried every sort of saddle, I cannot give a straightforward reply. I do not see, however, how anybody could answer the question to the querist's satisfaction, for during the last three years nearly a hundred different sorts of cycle-saddles have been invented. Now, how many men can say with truth that they have given all these saddles an exhaustive trial? As a fact, I believe that Brooks' "B" saddle, which has stood so many years' test, is about as good as any at present on the market, and nearly all cyclists of large experience corroborate this statement. Medical men, too, are loud in their praise of the pattern alluded to, and the fact that fully eighteen out of every twenty cyclists that you meet during the course of an ordinary spin ride Brooks' saddles speaks for itself.

A contemporary has been waxing eloquent on the connection between cycling and Imperialism. The argument is that the manner in which the British nation showed its teeth over the Fashoda affair is attributable to the universality of cycling as a pastime. The improved muscular development resulting from the exercise has reacted on the mind of the nation, producing a phase of Jingoism which would never have arisen had the nation indulged in, say, the milder recreation of croquet. The dogged determination required to surmount a hill, or to forge ahead in the teeth of a gale of wind, may have something to do with the formation of character, educating men to persevere and conquer in spite of difficulties. And when we regard the hold that cycling has taken upon the great middle-class of England, we may well look for it to bear fruit in greater tenacity of purpose and determination to "hold our own" in the face of obstacles. Thus the mental as well as the physical culture of the bicycle may be a force by no means to be despised.

Another Crowned Head has fallen a victim to cyclomania. This time it is the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, who has just ordered a machine from a Coventry firm. There is probably no country in the world to which the all-pervading "bike" is a stranger. Had the Sirdar deferred his victorious campaign for a year, we should probably have read that the Khalifa made his escape from Omdurman on a road-racer. And, no doubt, should M. de Rougemont return to his cannibal tribes, he will take with him a consignment of bicycles to supersede the use of turtles!

The question of the cycle on the kerb (by-the-bye, this sounds quite equestrian) has not yet been satisfactorily settled. A certain County Court Judge held that a cycle in the street was entitled to the same privileges as an ordinary carriage. Consequently, when a cycle, which had been left propped against the kerb while its owner was in a shop, was caught by a passing cart and seriously damaged; there was ground for compensation. But another Judge, in a similar case, ruled otherwise. He held that a cyclist had no right to leave his machine unguarded in the gutter, and, if harm befell it, he was not entitled to damages. It

would be well if there were some definite ruling on this subject. A lawyer has pointed out that, if the handle of the machine projects over the footway, it forms an obstruction, and the position is, consequently, illegal. What is the poor cyclist to do?

It does not afford me any gratification to hear of ladies riding extraordinary distances. A Mrs. Hargrave, of Leeds, is to receive a gold medal from a local club in recognition of her having ridden a hundred miles in 6 hours 44 min.; while in the same paper I read of what is called "an unusually meritorious ride" of an American girl of nineteen, who covered four hundred miles in less than two days. Why cannot ladies be content to ride in moderation for exercise and enjoyment, instead of injuring their health by an unwholesome craze for record-breaking?

A week or two ago I alluded to the sagacity displayed by cows and dogs in obligingly paying attention to the cyclist's bell. We are accustomed to regard "my lord the elephant" as head and shoulders above the lower animals in point of sagacity, but he does not appear to have the same respect for a mere man who takes his pleasure upon wheels. It may be the consciousness of his own superior bulk which renders him indifferent to the warning signal, or it may be that he holds the race of cyclists in supreme contempt, or, perhaps, it is only ignorance of the meaning of the bell, and, when more familiar with it, his innate politeness will cause him to pay it due respect.

Not long ago a party of cyclists encountered three elephants on the Kingston and Wimbledon road, and endeavoured to pass them. Just as the foremost rider was making a rush for this purpose, one of the animals suddenly turned across the road in order to enjoy the luxury of a draught of muddy water from a roadside pool. The cyclist charged into the rear of the elephant, with consequences more disastrous to the former than to the latter. The elephant, however, resented the liberty taken with him, and, in order to teach his assailant a lesson, sought revenge after the manner of his kind. Having absorbed a sufficient quantity of muddy water, he proceeded to squirt it over the prostrate cyclist, who appeared to regard the action as adding insult to injury. The spectators of the comedy enjoyed the fun immensely.

BIKING: A PARK IDYLL.

Air—"The Hunting Day."

A holiday's here and the weather is clear,
And we want an excuse to be out;
Let us go for a lark to the end of the Park
And see what the swells are about;
For all of them like to be seen on a bike
(Though the feeling I don't understand),
Neither polkas nor reels are a patch upon wheels,
And you do it without any band.

So they'll all go a-biking to-day,
And there'll soon be the d— to pay,
If we join the gay throng
That goes scorching along
When they all go a-biking to-day.

The veriest muff gathers courage enough
His two safety-wheels to bestride,
And the cripple whose knee may confine him to three
Will be spoiling for want of a ride;
The bankrupt forgets all his outstanding debts,
The sick man abandons his bed,
While Miss-in-her-Teens will declare that it means
All her bliss—till she chances to wed.

For they'll all go a-biking to-day, &c.

Here's my wife coming by with a look in her eye
Where pride and anxiety meet,
And her rational dress—I am free to confess—
Is more fit for the bath than the street;
Crash! and over she goes on her fingers and toes,
Like the Lady of Banbury Cross;
But she jumps up with grace, and, resuming her place,
Rides away without danger or loss.

For they'll all go a-biking to-day, &c.

Yet I really don't know; she has further to go,
And she holds her head higher and higher;
The peril she scorns may await her in thorns,
Or flints, that will puncture her tyre.
Then she'll crawl to an inn with her limping machine,
And probably ask for a room;
But the landlord protests against harbouring guests
Who appear in the Bloomer costume.

So I won't go a-biking to-day,
For there'd soon be the d— to pay
If I joined the gay throng
That goes scorching along
When they all go a-biking to-day.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The flat-racing season, which will close on Saturday, has been a disastrous one for backers, especially those who only favour the big races. The classic events without exception went to outsiders, and the 100 to 1 chance, Jeddah, for the Derby served as the last straw to



WATER-POLO TEAM OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS, GIBRALTAR.

little punters. Indeed, there never was such a disastrous Epsom Summer Meeting. True, one or two of the big handicaps during the year fell to the favourites, but the balance of the season was all in favour of the bookmakers, whose winter's keep was ensured by the end of the Ascot week. Seemingly, there are more unreliable horses in training than ever there were, and yet there are not sufficient to account for all the upsets of public form.

A very poor acceptance has been received for the Manchester November Handicap, and it must be admitted that the big handicaps in the North of England do not average as well as they should do, seeing that good prizes are always on offer. Barford will run well on Saturday, and, if he is one of Wadlow's real good things, he ought to very nearly win. I fancy Labrador has gone off, and it may be that Newhaven II. is a gay deceiver. Merman, on the book, looks to have a great chance—that is, if the Cesarewitch running was correct—and Tom Cringle is an animal that must go close. St. Just II. is a strong fancy in the North of England, and I think the race will go either to him or Tom Cringle.

Several jockeys have met with more or less severe accidents of late owing to the horses they were riding having been struck into when running in races. There can be no question that reckless, not to say foul, riding is on the increase, and I think the authorities should try and stamp it out before further mischief is done. I cannot see why, when twenty or twenty-five horses are started for any race, the whole lot should be huddled up in a bunch on one side of the course. I think, as the horses are drawn for positions at the starting-post, so they should be made to run throughout a race as far as possible, and no animal should be allowed to cross over that did not have a lead of at least half-a-dozen lengths.

Book form has worked out very badly of late, as it always does when the end of the season is approaching. I have often thought, if one had the time, a useful book could be written on "Hints to Owners." For instance, advice could be given as to the South Country horses that should always be claimed when they just fail to win selling-races in the North. Then a chapter might be written on jockeys who could be relied on to obey orders. I presume that many of those jockeys who seldom miss a race and seldom ride a winner ride strictly to orders. They must do so or they would never be patronised as they are now. Again, certain stables should be followed when all their horses have been running very badly.

According to rumour, the National Hunt Committee are determined to rid the Turf of some of the wrong-doers who have been getting fat out of their misdeeds under the rules of steeplechasing. It is a pity that the winter sport is not remodelled and worked on a different basis altogether to what it has been in the past. The jumping prizes act more or less as incentives to little men of no standing to get hold of a cheap plater and try to win something. If it is not possible for the horse to win the first prize, he could be used either as instrument for claiming another animal or simply to tell as one of the counters in the game. I think big prizes would attract big owners and good horses to the sport, and, if the Jockey Club would only take the winter sport under their guidance, it would become a great draw.

Temperance is found to be a good friend to those who travel the meetings. Those who live abstemious lives and go to bed betimes o' nights enjoy the best of health when travelling about, and are able to keep in good form, despite our trying climate. But the man who indulges in too much wine is periodically laid up with the gout or is all the time losing his voice. It is a remarkable fact that those bookmakers who never drink but little have fine, clear voices, while those who take an extra dose of "special Scotch" get very husky after they have shouted the odds for any length of time; and it is those husky voices which give us all the headache when we are located anywhere in the vicinity of Tattersall's Ring.

The American people, seemingly, are very proud of Sloan's performances in the saddle in England, to judge from the many references to that jockey's wonderful riding which appear in the New York papers. It is, however, hinted that there are two or three other jockeys in the States who could give Sloan a long start and a beating. I doubt it. I do not think there is another American riding to-day within hail of Sloan; indeed, his record in the States before he came to this country showed this. It is to be hoped that when Sloan arrives in England, next year, he will find that our jockeys have sunk their insular prejudices and have learned to ride in his particular style.

It is rather strange that we have to go to America for good jockeys when many English riders are steering more than their share of winners on the Continental racecourses. Warne, who was formerly an apprentice to Ryan's stable, has ridden successfully for years in Germany and Austria. W. Pratt has been very fortunate this year in France in racing in the Rothschild colours, and Aylin, who was apprenticed to Sadler, has ridden several good winners in Russia during the past season. The majority of the best jockeys riding in France at the present time are Englishmen. It would, therefore, be not unjust to conclude that most English jockeys could ride winners if the horses were good enough.

CAPTAIN COE.

WATER-POLO.

I give a picture of the Royal Engineers' Water-Polo Team, Gibraltar, which holds an unbeaten record there for 1898, having challenged and beaten all comers. The matches played and won were ten. The Engineers scored thirty-three goals, only two being scored against them.

FOOTBALL.

The Albany Football Club, Grahamstown, keeps up the best traditions of football in South Africa. This season it has won the Eastern Province Cup.

An admirable little book on Association Football, written by Mr. John Goodall, and edited by Mr. S. A. de Beer, uniform with Mr. Hutchinson's "Hints on Golf," has just been published by the firm of Blackwood. In a small space it gives a most succinct account of the practice and theory of the game. The booklet is dedicated "to Mr. G. O. Smith, the best centre-forward in my time."

Mr. H. Rippon Seymour, the Gymnastic Master at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, has published, through Messrs. E. and S. Livingstone, Edinburgh, a little book on physical training in theory and practice. It is full of diagrams—which are scarcely as well drawn as they might be—and is crammed with facts and figures which will be of the utmost use to enthusiasts for physical education.

The current number of the *Golfer's Magazine* biographs the late Alexander Hutchinson, who was born in 1809, and deals with Alnmouth Links, putting, and the new "short golf."



ALBANY FOOTBALL TEAM, GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

There is a great lesson to be garnered from the newspaper reports of Law Court proceedings within the last week, and one that our gentle sex may particularly and especially lay to heart and itself. For thieves may fall out, as the classics inform us, and honest men then come by



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THE NEW THREE-CORNERED HAT.

their own, or company-promoters may disagree and inflict a bad quarter-of-an-hour on their disinterested friends and supporters, as we also learn; but when women quarrel with each other, there is no limit to their mode of vengeance, no disclosures which they will hold sacred, no fables which they will not rearrange or invent wherewith to bring confusion and distress on their whilom best friend or dearest enemy. As a rule, and with perhaps one recent notable exception, men will not pelt mud in public even when, as in this instance alluded to, there is evidently plenty of mud at hand wherewith to pelt; but we in our own gentle sex and selves create quite another code of honour, and, once falling foul of each other, very often send conscience to the right-about, truth round the corner, and a character to that bourne from which it seldom returns. Personally, I am not greatly addicted to pointing morals, but the present seems too good an opportunity to be missed for a dissertation on that quality of the adorning of tales to which we women are so very given. Silence, always golden, is never so unalloyed as when it spares an adversary. After which noble sentiments, I must really revert to the less exalted one of wearables, which, now that the weather seems settling into winter's manners, is very much occupying the feminine imagination.

We are very original in our present fashions, but also very imitative. For most of the weird and unfamiliar grotesqueries with which we fill our wardrobes are no more than modifications or differently bound editions of the same fashions in which our forbears walked abroad.

All our strange forms of outdoor garments—pelerines, mantlets, visites, and what not—have been done before, so also have flounces and silk fringes and drooping hat-brims and low-lying ostrich-feathers, and the whole gamut of things that be. What did not exist in the old pre-machinery and unemancipated days, however, was the *chic* and, above all, the smartness with which we invest our effects nowadays. Even demure and drooping styles, admittedly created on these lines, bear the cachet of our present aforegone modish manners, and I verily believe that, even if we were delivered over to crinolines or the early Victorian “uglies” with which women in the ‘forties used to affright their Continental cousins when travelling abroad, we should impart our subsequently acquired go and style to these archaic articles. To particularise one item of our manifold necessities, for example, the evening-mantle of the moment is an adopted arrangement of a particularly ugly invention, yet when, as the French say expressively, it is “well worn,” can look everything that it is not, in reality, just as a plain-looking woman, if blessed with style, can “arrive” where her better-endowed but duller sister never reaches. Regarding these long-trained evening-mantles formed of three parts, which I have been abusing, an extremely gorgeous one has just been made for a friend by Paquin. It somehow recalls a Cardinal’s robe to me, all the more that it has been done in rich peony red-purple and lined with plain white satin. It is made of three deep flounces, each rounded in front, and trimmed around the edge with three or four stitched overlapping bias folds. There are no sleeves, openings being made for the arms under the top flounce, which thus acts as a cape. I should have

added that soft frilled flounces of mousseline-de-soie in a shade to match are sewn on underneath each flounce, thus greatly enhancing its effect. A fascinating and very fluffy arrangement of lace and mousseline lines the upstanding collar, while a charming gathered mousseline boa with wide lace ends goes, stole-fashion, to the end of cloak in front. I always have had the highest opinion of Paquin’s capabilities as a director of artistic costume, and this cloak, all my prejudices of its form notwithstanding, more than ever confirmed this belief. A quite delicious dress of mauve cloth trimmed with bias bands of white satin is another successful adventure of Paquin’s which has come under my notice this week. It is a curious combination, but one with a pedigree, since our grandmamas had a great fancy for bias folds of satin laid on other materials of silk or wool. In this instance it has been revived with great *éclat*. The satin bands are put on in undulating lines, and separated at regular intervals by closely set lines of stitching—say, five or six—which run from waist to hem. The sleeves, slightly bell-shaped, widen out over the hand, and are trimmed with bands of satin matching skirt, while a vest and revers of white satin under ivory silk guipure complete the fascinating influence of a quite uncommon and extremely smart reception-gown.

Apropos of reception-dresses, I saw one when in Paris about ten days ago which had the nearly unique distinction of having cost seven thousand francs. It was being sent to St. Petersburg, where, like the cuts in Brazil, wealthy women so often “come from,” and was composed of velvet trimmed with embroidery and the finest sables. This is having the courage of one’s income, certainly. Nearly £300 for an



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AN OUTDOOR COSTUME IN BROAD-TAIL.

afternoon-frock is not often paid, though there are many rich women in the world, and extravagant ones to boot. Nor can one altogether encourage such overlapping and trebly extracted selfishness, even if one’s mission be to decry dowdiness at all costs and proclaim the creed of fashion. A contrasting case in point is that of a wealthy acquaintance

whose allowance of two thousand per annum is absolutely her own "to play with," but, as she confided to me, "for nothing serious." Her dress-bills are certainly portentous, but her secretly given charities are wide notwithstanding, and one of her devices for "playing with" three hundred a-year out of this pin-money is to devote it to the "agony column" appeals of the morning papers.

I have often, by the way, heard this desperate manner of crying on the hill-tops for charity denounced by some of those who dine comfortably at home every night, and are therefore in an excellent position to pass strictures on the piteous appeals that daily meet one's glance over the newspaper at breakfast-time. But, after all, and to be strictly practical as well as philanthropic, one can easily verify the genuine cases if one cares to take the trouble and winnow out the chaff from the wheat. I have known cases where, through the well-directed aid of my little friend aforesaid, a career, and sometimes a life, has been saved by such



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A SMART CHINCHILLA COAT.

modest assistance as a timely £20-note has afforded—a sum that few well-dressed women would consider extravagant for a dinner-gown; and yet, within my own experience, such kindly aid has placed a man's foot on the ladder again, and enabled him to surmount the worst moments of a lifetime. So having been led into a train of humanitarian soliloquy because one pretty woman has paid so many thousand francs for a frock is one of the unexpected effects that are constantly following unexpected causes, but one hopes that, concurrently with this sartorial "indiscretion of the Duchess"—it is a Grand Duchess in this case, by the way—will run her proportionate benefactions to what represents the Slavonic "agony columns." That there is a field for her labours no one knowing her St. Petersburg can doubt. And now, touching the subject that lies nearest to us, as the Parliamentary hack is fond of ejaculating, I would like to draw attention to this fascinating form of outdoor frock illustrated, which partakes of the characteristics of a mantle and gown combined. Vest, sleeves, and the lower part of skirt are of dark-blue velvet. The bodice and upper skirt, which are made *en princesse*, are of broad-tail, fastened on one side by immense velvet buttons. Bordering the cuffs and fully gathered velvet flounce is a heading of chinchilla, which also forms the turned-back, scalloped collar. An extremely *chic* and original creation, only requiring the cold weather which is still to us an unknown quantity for its favourable manifestation. To be worn with it a charming little toque has been manufactured, made of broad-tail trimmed with curled pheasant-tail feathers, and a tuft of crimson roses tucked under the brim. If made sufficiently short, it would be an ideal skating-dress with which to challenge admiring attention at Prince's or the Palais de Glace; and for walking, the velvet flounce, which is, by the way, embroidered with Louis Quinze bows, could be replaced by a longer

one. The hat on these pages has been designed for an uncommonly pretty bride, who wished to "go away" in the sort of headgear "that nobody else was wearing yet, don't you know"; and this model accomplished it, for it is quite one of the coming but not yet altogether accepted shapes, turning sharply up at both sides from a central curve, the rosette in front and speckled osprey being altogether of the *dernier cri*.

I have always owned to a sneaking admiration for the much-abused loose sacque-coat, which, notwithstanding its shapelessness, owns a certain air of *chic*, particularly when worn by tall women, that is rarely attained of the "second skin" fitting garment. This loose-fitting chinchilla coat, with its triple edges of slightly frilled black velvet bindings, is a charming case in point. The large velvet-covered button of the moment appears on one side, and a jabot of old ivory-lace makes a most becoming interlude between the high collar and revers. A toque of chinchilla, with black crow-quills and pointed wheat-ear velvet bows in the same sombre tone, gives a most excellent finish to the daintiest possible of altogether. One of these new folded satin collars in pink, blue, or crimson satin would give that spot of necessary colour which grey inevitably requires and is so greatly enhanced by. Making much for comfort, grace, and smartness, this coat and toque should obtain a full measure of appreciation. For myself, were the indispensable wherewithal forthcoming, I should straightway possess replicas of both.

Our grandmothers, worthy ladies, would find some cause for uplifting of eyes and shrugging of shoulders could they see the extravagant paraphernalia of a modern young woman's toilette-table, with its silver and tortoiseshell and cut-glass and the rest; a sturdy, four-legged deal table covered with pink glazed calico, over which came the guileless book-muslin of the period, being all they could account for as background to their essences and pomatums. Our Duchesse toilette-tables have harked away from all that, just as the delicate and subtle perfumes of to-day are far removed from the powerful decoctions of old-fashioned simples with which these dear departed ladies delighted their souls and their nostrils. Atkinsons, of Bond Street, are, by the way, responsible for the last new perfume, which they have baptised the "Myretta." It is a vague and delicious reminiscence of Neapolitan violets and lilies-of-the-valley combined, and recalls, as a scent so often will, the flower-markets of the sunny Riviera, where in the sweet springtime we are wont to refresh our souls and rejoice our senses.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. C. (Southsea).—Regarding the cape illustrated on the second page of article, Nov. 9, you can get it at Peter Robinson's. It is not one of their ordinary numbers, as all illustrations appearing here are specially designed. But they will copy it at a reasonable figure, and carry it out well. The brocaded velvet centre is a dull sage-green, the flounce a plain velvet in the same tone. Lines of silver cord and black chenille embroidery head the flounce and revers, which are of ivory satin under Irish crochet. The cape is lined with white satin. Of course, it can be rendered in black, ruby, or any colour. In ruby it would look particularly well.

L. L. L. (Aldershot).—(1) The most practical method of utilising your silver toilette-table things would be to get a specially made dressing-bag, particularly as you go about so much and do not want to "run to" the expense of a fitted bag, which would, indeed, be unnecessary. Take the brushes, bottles, &c., to Alexander Clark, at 188, Oxford Street. His bags are well known and moderate in price. (2) I fear I am no use with regard to your second inquiry, being neither a clairvoyant nor behind the scenes at the Foreign Office.

MATRON.—(1) I regret I cannot enter into your views with regard to cheap furniture, and should hesitate to recommend any shop that laid itself out to provide it, and it only; for with cheap chairs that collapse and spread out their legs at unexpected times, and cheap chests of drawers that won't draw out, or won't draw in when they do, and cheap wardrobes that creak and groan and split up when in use a month, I have a lasting feud, and cannot be persuaded to preach them. If you would do with half your list, and pay double the prices you name, there would be more economy and comfort in your proposed household, I am quite persuaded. Heal's bedroom furniture is a joy for ever, and incomparably more economical than that which, made by the thousand in Whitechapel, costs half its price. (2) The hat you mention was made of bands of ruby cloth on tulle of the same shade; the coat and skirt of dark-red cloth, collar and revers being of ermine; ruby silk muff, gathered with wing effects, lined with ermine. Lady C. had the whole thing done by Lewis and Allenby. SYBIL.

A MODERN JULIET.

The modern Juliet, according to the emancipated conditions under which her sex flourishes at present, takes on none of the responsibilities of her philanderings with Romeo, while the unfortunate up-to-date Montague, when found out, is loaded with a double set of fetters—hers and his own—and sent clanking solitary away from the scene of their joint melodrama. As witness the melancholy instance of a recent balcony scene in North Wales and its somewhat one-sided *dénouement*. The sweet girl-graduate who stopped a moment at her window to toy with a collegian of the opposite gender who was in the street below was, like the Private Secretary, "discovered," and promptly sentenced, as was her second in the dialogue, to be sent down for the term. Subsequently, however, the powers that be were melted into letting the lady off, while, to equalise things, Romeo was sent down for not one, but two terms. Sympathising gownsmen made haste to mark their sense of his sad fate in this double allotment, however, and, not content with strewing marble timepieces and Britannia-metal inkstands in his path, gave him a grand send-off at the station, escorting him to the first-class carriage with choruses in Gaelic and a few defiant Welsh war-whoops thrown in. It is much to be hoped, in the interests of youthful progress among the rising generation, that this Juliet will eschew parleying at windows in future—during term-time, at all events.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.

MONEY.

The Bank Rate remains at 4 per cent., but the German minimum has risen to 6 per cent. The week's supply of money has been well in excess of the demand, spite of the goodly number of calls for which it has been wanted. Rates still show a declining tendency,



THE MINE IN THE EARLY STAGES.

the large amount of floating capital making their maintenance a matter of impossibility. Daily cash can be obtained at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more is all that can be got upon weekly loans. The Stock Exchange Settlement does not begin until next week, and there is little to move the Money Market in either direction. The most noticeable item in Thursday's Bank Return was an addition of £678,486 to the Reserve, and the present proportion to liabilities at $53\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher than it was twelve months ago.

HOME RAILS.

"Charity ought to begin at Home Rails," said a disconsolate dealer in that market when his attention was called to the boomlet in Americans. The amount of pessimism that finds its way into the Home Railway department is, indeed, quite sufficient to warrant the observation, for, ever since last February, when the reports for the latter half of 1897 began to appear, the prophets have arrayed themselves on the "bear" side with the pertinacity of Lord Salisbury himself. And it must certainly be allowed that they have had most of the reasons too; in fact, the wonder is that prices have held so well as they have done during the last twelve months. Comparing the prices of the active stocks at this time last year with those of to-day (Saturday), we find the following interesting differences—

Stock.	Nov. 19, 1897.	Nov. 19, 1898.	Rise or fall.
Caledonian Deferred	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	53	- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham Ordinary	19 $\frac{3}{8}$	20 $\frac{3}{8}$	+ 1
" 2nd Preference	87	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern	121 $\frac{1}{4}$	120 $\frac{1}{4}$	- 1
Great Western	175	165 $\frac{3}{4}$	- 9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Northern Deferred	62 $\frac{1}{4}$	57	- 5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Hull and Barnsley	50	54 $\frac{1}{4}$	+ 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
London and Brighton "A"	180	177 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western	204 $\frac{1}{4}$	199 $\frac{3}{4}$	- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Deferred	97 $\frac{1}{4}$	88	- 9 $\frac{1}{4}$
North-Eastern Consols	180 $\frac{1}{2}$	177 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern "A"	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 12



SHOWING TRAM-LINES.

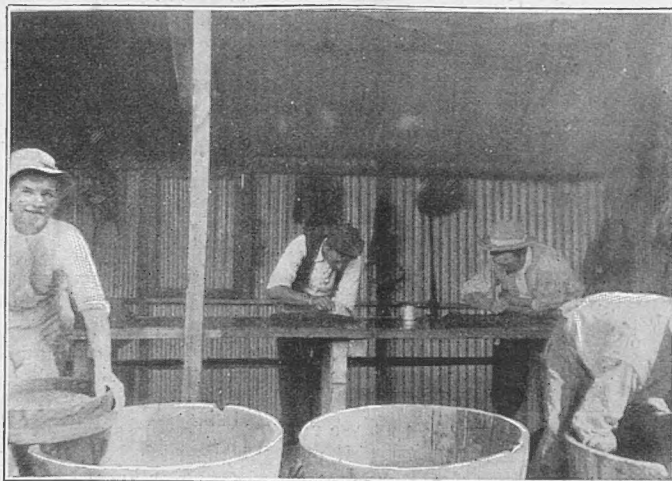
The greatest sufferer has naturally been South-Eastern Deferred (Dover "A"), the price of which was run up so absurdly upon exaggerated ideas of the profits the company would make from the then vaguely defined "amalgamation" with the Chatham. Looking at the other stocks in the list which have not been affected by any extraordinary causes, it is evident that there has been some little slackening in the demand of investors for Home Railway stocks as investments, although the difficulties which they had to face during the year would have resulted in very much lower quotations had the market been to any extent a speculative one. In the early days of the Railway Market, fifty London and North-Western shares changed hands at fifty farthings the lot. The man on the look-out for an investment to-day, with a chance of increasing his capital, might do well to turn his attention to the same stock, if he can afford to wait. We would, however, prefer not to guarantee the same measure of profit which the former holder probably made on his shilling-and-a-halfpenny deal. Midland Deferred offers a still better example of a comparatively cheap lock-up.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

A member of the Rand Club, Johannesburg, has kindly forwarded us a few snapshots taken at the Rivas Diamond Mine, in the Orange Free State. The mine was discovered only last February, and is now in full work.

KENT COAL COMPANIES.

The Special Settlement which took place last month, after intolerable delay, in the shares of the Kent Coal Collieries Company has drawn attention once more to the Kent coal undertakings, and the interested parties are courageously doing their level best to infuse a little public interest into the market, for whose advantage we should hardly like to say. There are four concerns whose shares are known—by name, at



SORTING FOR DIAMONDS.

least—in the Stock Exchange (it has puzzled many a broker to know in what part of the House to look for the "shop." We have heard of the shares being inquired for in the Kaffir Market). The quartette and their capitals are—

Kent Collieries Corporation	Capital £1,500,000
Kent Coal Exploration	" 250,000
Mid-Kent Coal Syndicate	" 12,000
Kent Coal Finance and Development	" 250,000

The first two are the possessors of dealable quotations, the others are not.

We have already alluded to the gentleman who, receiving some samples of the first coal produced in Kent some years ago, mixed them with other coal in his grate and took them out a few hours later absolutely unharmed. Of course, it is a burning question whether the coals will answer the purposes for which they are usually required, but such base thoughts have not entered into the head of the talented writer of that "Letter by a Shareholder to Shareholders" which has lately been distributed broadcast among Kentish Coal shareholders. The author of this gratuitous pamphlet sent a batch of newspaper cuttings to what he calls a "well-known and qualified colliery engineer and geologist" for consideration. The latter said: "I have read them all with interest, and I have failed to observe any criticism, either practical or theoretical, which is not entirely superficial. Of course, the financial criticisms are outside my province, but are apparently full of personal spite." The Shareholder says: "This speaks volumes." It does. For the public who are being invited to join the schemes, the financial criticisms have a very considerable interest indeed! The Kent Collieries Corporation, especially, has suffered more from water in the capital than in the shafts, troublesome as it has been in the latter. Its purchase-price from the Kent Coalfields Syndicate was £1,275,000, of which £775,000 was payable in cash. What hope is there for a concern with such a capital? It may do well, but we fear that the fantastic dreamer whom we have already quoted will have long to wait ere his prediction be verified, when the price of the shares shall "gradually approach to their par and intrinsic value, and ultimately attain a substantial premium." Fancy an enthusiast admitting the "intrinsic" value of the shares which he was eulogising to be only "par"!

THE "M.M.M."

The Miscellaneous Mining Market is that devoted to dealings in Indians, Tasmanians, New Zealanders, a few derelict Kaffirs, and other variety performers in different parts of the habitable globe. Once upon a time—so it is said by the oldest member of the Stock Exchange—a prosperous business used to be done in the now desolate area whose dealers walk about seeking their halfpenny turns with a longing that grows ever more desperate the longer it remains unsatisfied. Indian Mines, for some reason or other, have been very quiet for a considerable time, and it may be that Mysore have reached as much as they are at present worth; but the return on them is about 14 per cent., and there are no present indications of any serious reduction in the returns from the mine. Of course, each year of its life diminishes the value of a mine, and intending buyers must take this largely into consideration. As regards the remainder of the Colar group, the most active interest this month has been devoted to the Coromandel, whose shares, about £2, offer a fairly attractive speculation. The prices of Mount Lyells and "Norths" are dependent, to a large extent, upon the fluctuations in Melbourne. There is a considerable "bear" account in the "Big Ones," as Mount Lyell shares are called, and this has some effect in maintaining the price at 6½, but the cabled summary of the report to be issued is distinctly disappointing, although the statement that the ground now being worked is not payable is glossed over in the next sentence. North Mount Lyells are still too high to suit the "bear" brigade, which has been making such attacks upon the price, but the syndicate which took over the holding of the company's late Chairman, Mr. James Crotty, is using strenuous efforts to keep the market firm, and succeeding very well. It is a very dangerous speculation, but we believe that, in the long run, the present price of about 2½ will not stop the advance in North Mount Lyells. New Zealand mines are for the most part dead, and some of them will probably be burying soon. The little South Africans dotted about the Miscellaneous Mining Market (Graskop, Spitzkop, Lisbons, and the like) are never likely to do much good to their holders unless sweeping Transvaal reforms should enable them to materially reduce the expense of mining their low-grade ore. Balkis Land is going to reconstruct again: wants at least £16,000 to set it on its legs once more, according to the directors' report issued last Thursday. The price of the shares is about one-and-threepence, and it is proposed that the new company should be reconstructed with a shilling liability.

THE AMERICAN THREAD COMPANY.

We learn that the long-looked-for prospectus of the American Thread Company, which is being supported by the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, will be issued during the coming week. The Bonds and Preferred shares only will be offered for subscription simultaneously in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. The whole of the Common stock (or Ordinary shares) will be held by the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, and those concerned in the management of the business. We understand that J. and P. Coats, Limited, are directly supporting the company, and have intimated their intention of taking up a large block of the Preference shares. This combination completes the position, and Messrs. J. and P. Coats and the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, will now control the sewing-cotton trade of the world. The English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, issued this week to their own shareholders £125,000 4 per cent. Debentures and £250,000 5 per cent. Preferred shares. We learn that on the first day the whole of this capital was subscribed. The closing day was last Friday, and the subscriptions were enormous.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

Dulness, dulness everywhere. Take the Yankee Market away from the House, and where would business be? The number of bargains that the Mining Markets have booked this week could have been easily done in less than a day; the dealing in Foreigners has been at a standstill, and the only speculation worth mentioning is the daily discounting of the Argentine gold premium or the effect of a Filipino War. Home Rails have not yet been signalled out of their stationary attitude, except Little Chats and Dover "A," in both of which there still survives a ghostly flicker of animation. Grand Trunks, after their traffic-increase of two-four-six-eight pounds, certainly managed to scramble up a little way, although the latest contribution by Sir William Van Horne to the growing pile of Trunko-Canadian literature has been anything but a satisfactory item. The Consol Market has had time to recover from the mad fluctuations of over three points in the price of the Funds while the war-scare was on, and some of the Volunteers in the House are already regretting their hastiness in sending in their resignations to their various corps. *Vis-à-vis* with the Consol department stands the West Australian Market, a large part of whose members got lost in the fogs of the early part of the week, and have not been seen since—in the City, that is. Three well-known brokers are putting up for election as Common Councillor in the Broad Street Ward, but I hear that one of these is on the point of withdrawing his name. Of the two left, the House does not know which to back as favourite, but their addresses are studied with a good deal of interest, complimentary and otherwise. One of the candidates, well known in the Westralian Market, declares in his appeal to the electorate that he is already a Guardian of the Poor, to which announcement some wag has appended the words "Lady Lochs and Taitapu." The commentator, whoever he may be, evidently belongs to one of the other sides.

Americans have been the redeeming feature of the week, and Canadas, of course, shared in the advance. Each day has brought forth one particular star, and we have had Atchday, Denverday, and Milkday. Louisville seem to find some difficulty in getting away from the in-betweens of 61 and 63, and the price looks quite high enough, intrinsically, although, if a dividend be declared early in '99, it is quite possible that they will touch 70. There is very little encouragement, however, rendered to the "bull" party by Shorter's Court, and the heavy London buying that usually precedes a sharp fall has not yet come along. That it is the market of the moment, dealers in other departments are becoming quick to realise, and its ranks are daily recruited from the starving Mining Circuses. A set-back is pretty sure to appear soon—it may have come and gone before these words meet their

intended eyes—but, all the same, there is a strong tone about the speculative descriptions which takes one's fancy. The character of the recent buying of Atchison issues is so "good" that it would be extraordinary for the parties concerned not to take their profits, whether there be a dividend in store or not. It is impossible for Kaffirs to resuscitate themselves while the American Market rules the roost. The House cannot keep more than one boomlet boiling at a time, and in the Circus the proposed tax upon the gold output has not cheered the few speculators in South Africans that are left. General and sincere sympathy has been accorded to the two House-men who were present at the fatal glove-fight last week, one of them the unbelted Knight of the Kaffir Market, and there was an indignant surprise at the finding of Sir John Bridge.

Strange are the stories that one hears in the Consol Market sometimes, but they fall far short of those that are told of events which happened there when the present aged century was young. Round the famous Baron Rothschild gathered a whole cluster of anecdote, and, as one thinks of that "thing before you," as a contemporary writer called him, "cold, motionless, and apparently speculationless as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the patriarch was turned," one feels that the arts of jobbing and speculation have become sadly lacking in enterprise. One night—so runs the story—a carriage stood outside Rothschild's house in Stamford Hill. The hour was late, and the curiosity of a rich stockbroker who lived just opposite was strongly aroused as to what the financier was going to do. Ordering his own carriage to be in immediate readiness, the broker, Lucas by name, concealed himself in the bushes outside his neighbour's house and waited. Soon emerged the Baron with two friends, and, entering the carriage, they ordered the coachman to the City. Lucas sprang into his own conveyance and shadowed the trio until the office was reached, when he alighted, and, feigning drunkenness, staggered into the very room where he had seen the financiers enter, when he fell heavily to the floor. Rothschild suggested calling a doctor, after fruitless attempts to bring the "drunkard" to his senses; but by degrees the latter fell into what seemed to be a profound sleep, and the friends pursued their conversation. Lucas heard each word of the good news that had come express from Spain, and forestalled Rothschild's brokers by appearing on the Consol Market an hour before the financier's representative arrived. It is said that Rothschild afterwards discovered the plot, and, to his dying day, would never forgive "the base, dishonest, and nefarious stratagem."

The Consolidated Goldfields dividend of 5s. per share in cash is considered about as satisfactory as can be expected under the circumstances. Little fresh ground is broken by the report, which still hammers away at the deep-level question. Three "deep" mines have now been brought to the producing stage, and there are several others getting ready to enter the crushing list. For a permanent investment the shares may be all right, but at the present price the return is about 5½ per cent., which is a trifling yield upon so speculative a share.

West Australians are, at present, more or less of a dead letter—mostly more. The Special Settlement of Westralian Market Trust has been fixed with commendable promptitude, but all speculation in Mr. Bottomley's things has died out—one could almost wish altogether, if one has the true interests of the market at heart. Globes rolled up a little way at the repetition of the stale rumour that Kaufmann is to return to his original group. He has given the Bottomley crowd a good deal of assistance, hasn't he? Golden Horseshoes have been up to 13½, and are likely to improve before the meeting takes place. The Lake View dividend cometh not, and Kalgurli descriptions are sleeping the sleep of the—just? The market tip is still current to buy Associated; I give it for what it may be worth; not that that is much, soliloquises the by no means sugar-candied conscience of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPRODDERY (Mendoza).—The so-called bank is a money-lending, bill-of-sale taking sort of affair. We would not trust our own cash to its keeping. You had far better deal with the Birkbeck.

W. F. W.—Thanks for your manuscript; we are afraid we cannot use it.

C. K.—Our opinion is that the shares are quite valueless; but it is extremely doubtful if you can sell.

Cox.—(1) The reasons of the fall are the connection of the company with Mr. Hooley, and the fact that most people think it over-capitalised. We hear that the business has been very good, and think you had better hold till after the report is out. (2) The shares are almost, if not quite, valueless; write them off as a bad debt.

PLATO.—(1) We know the shareholders did not take up all the issue, but cannot say as to what percentage the underwriters got "stuck" with. These things are always kept very quiet, and, in this case, the underwriters were members of the group. Probably it is not wise to sell at this moment, for it appears as if the Le Roi deal was coming off after all. (2) Yes. (3) There has been no dividend for some time, we think, for the concern has been plunged into a sea of litigation over the deal, or supposed deal, with the British America Corporation. Thank you for the information as to the post-office.

X. Y. Z.—(1) We do not think Great Central Ordinary stock a promising speculation at this moment. (2) Very likely.

TRAMWAYS.—You may well hold the shares, which are a good speculative investment with the gold premium dropping and all Argentine things looking up. We have heard the talk as to electricity, but know nothing for certain.

C. M. W.—Your list is a very unfortunate one, and, except No. 5, we would not give much for your chances. If Rhodesia is any good, No. 5 is sure to do well, but our opinion of the country is too well known for us to say more. If the shares were our own, we should sell the lot, perhaps holding No. 5 for a gamble. Write off the loss, and try to feel as happy as possible.

M. A.—It is quite impossible to explain in this column the objections to even the best outside dealers, but we have over and over again done it in "City Notes." Briefly, we may say that they gamble against the client—that is, advise him to buy something, and bet against his being right—so that it is in their interest to give bad advice, and to snap profits against the person who deals with them. The prices quoted are much wider than the real market; that is, there is a greater difference between the buying and selling price quoted on the tape than that actually ruling in the House, so that the cover runs off long before it ought to.

A. J. C.—We really don't know. They are, we think, the people who bought the business of Gregory and Co., and the less you have to do with them the better for your pocket. See last answer.

ALPHA.—Either of the brokers whose names we sent you can be relied upon to deal at the best price and pay up.

CYCLE.—The report is expected every day, and should be made up to Aug. 31. We hear that a good profit has been made, but how much of it is to be distributed appears doubtful.

The Directors of Messrs. Stephen Smith and Co., Limited, announce having paid an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on their Ordinary shares, in addition to the 6 per cent. paid on their Preference shares.